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THE
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The
South Atlantic Quarterly

Vol. XXVIII

APRIL, 1929

Number 2

CYCLES OF COTTON MILL CRITICISM

HARRIET L. HERRING

University of North Carolina

I

BELIEVERS IN the saying that history repeats itself can find ample evidence for their faith in the story of the textile industry since 1770. Especially can they find it in those phases relating to the rôle of the cotton mill in public opinion. Believers in the more cynical saying that man never profits by the experience of history can find just as ample proof in the same story. Here again the illustrations might well be chosen from the experience of the mills with that same public opinion.

Even a rather casual review of the history of the textile industry in the four main areas of its development reveals a curious cyclical movement in the attitude of the public toward the mills. Of course, the details of the various stages may differ because of differences in the economic, social, and even the political situation. But in the main there are some five or six stages in the life history of a textile area in its relation to the public about it. So far the cycle has been completed in England, about completed in New England, is in the middle of the process in the South, and is now in the earlier stages in the Orient. These stages, of course, merge gradually the one into the next. First, there is the beginning of the industry when it excites little notice, either as an economic or a social factor. Then it begins to attract notice, this taking the form of praise for some current and more or less local reason. Soon after there is adverse criticism mingled with the praise. Fourth comes the period of lustiest growth of the industry and the

most violent attacks, met with the most vigorous defense. This gradually merges into the fifth, the period of calmer completion of the legislation started in the fourth stage, and the dying down of the most violent "pro and con" arguments. Finally, there appears to be a stage in which the industry is economically either quiescent or actually in the dumps, and in which its evaluation as a social force has placed it, at last without further violent protest on its part, rather close to the debit side of the ledger.

A review of the history of attack and defense of cotton mills should furnish comfort to the philosophic mind: if one is discouraged with the current situation in the industry, he can be quite sure it will soon be different. It is not so clear, however, that history furnishes reassurance to the serious research worker.

II

The great textile inventions of the 18th century in England came along step by step, one an improvement over the last. Therefore the transition from the household and domestic manufactures to the factory system attracted more attention and excited more feeling among the spinners and weavers than in the nation as a whole. The machines were praised as wonderful, and their value to the country was recognized, as is shown by the passage of laws to prevent their export. It could be seen that English cottons were seizing the cloth markets of the world to the great profit of England, but any social implications their manufacture might have were not appreciated.

About the end of the century England began to wake up to the fact that power-spinning was rather rapidly reorganizing the life of a whole class of her citizens. In this time many of the catch-phrases were coined and popular conceptions formed which have followed the textile industry ever since. The term by which the workers were called carried opprobrium. They were considered a caste and an inferior one. By 1802 factory conditions were being discussed in Parliament. The workers were described as ignorant and profligate crea-

tures who would only spend more time in the public houses if the hours were shorter, and more money on drink if the wages were higher.

By 1816 there was a change in both the criticism and the defense. This is revealed in the hearings connected with the agitation to strengthen the law of 1802 protecting the parish poor children hired to the mills. Some statesmen, including Sir Robert Peele, were distressed for the welfare of the country by the description of incredible hours, dirty living quarters, cruelty, depravity, epidemics, and high death rates. But others were reassured by testimony from doctors, clergymen, and magistrates that the children were healthy and well-behaved. The discussions increased in warmth as well as in variety of attack and defense: to one eloquent description of the delights and healthfulness of factory life Peele retorted that the state had better build cotton mills as health resorts. Another new defense frequently repeated in other places and times, was that the long hours and the employment of children were necessary to retain this great new industry as a part of the national wealth.

For some years there was at least relative quiet, during which the industry was growing by leaps and bounds. In the midst of the growth the contest broke out with renewed vigor in the early 1830's. Centering somewhat about the agitation for legislation and the accompanying hearings, the friends and the censors of the mills joined in battle royal. Probably most readers of the present day feel that the bulk of the concrete evidence was on the side of the attack. If so, this is because time has changed many attitudes. In an age when the machine is a natural concomitant of living, we can hardly understand the horror with which the opponents described the harnessing of a human being as a yoke-fellow to a thing of iron and steam and exhaustless, inexorable motion. But neither do we find so intriguing the specious defense that because the drudgery was removed from human hands and backs to wheels and pistons, there was nothing for the worker to do. And again we have a different appreciation of childhood, and the spectacle of children from four to six years old

working nights in the mills would shock people in any civilized land. We have a different concept of city sanitation and have forgotten how close the towns of a hundred years ago were to the stench of the undrained medieval city. We have learned new methods of caring for diseases and are apt to forget that people were then helpless in epidemics of diseases since conquered.

If changed conditions make the situation described by the attackers all the more intolerable, they make the brighter side portrayed by the defense all the less impressive. Many of the things which they praise or set forth as extenuating circumstances now seem rather insignificant: mills with white-washed, decent houses, with some small effort at educational facilities, with playgrounds, mills that did not employ children under 10 years of age or for more than 11 or 12 hours a day, mills that prevented flogging or employed a doctor in case of an epidemic. Such defenders were accused of enjoying the hospitality or financial favor of the mill owners, or of visiting highly selected mills. Both are methods of discrediting which have been used frequently since.

There is no reason to suppose that the brightest spots the defenders found were any more rare than the darkest ones the attackers found. There seem to have been enough of each extreme to supply all debaters with examples. There were enough public-spirited people who were really concerned about conditions affecting the well-being of the nation; there were, if you will, enough reformers—and in the middle third of the 19th century of England reform was in the very air—to keep the matter alive. On the other hand, the cotton industry was already strongly intrenched in the economic life of the country. It was growing strong enough in political life to be able to put up a vigorous fight and to rally a host of friends.

By the 1840's the most flagrant of the evils were at least nominally removed by law and were gradually on the decrease. The attacks became less frequent and heated, and the defenses less necessary and less rosy. During this decade there appeared a new charge, which has gathered momentum through the years, namely, that the people were nomadic,

that the family changed its residence as easily as you change your coat. From this time on there appears with a fair degree of frequency in the serious press of the country descriptions of Manchester, the great manufacturing metropolis of the nation, as a monument to English enterprise, and other descriptions of its grime and slovenliness, and the ignorance and criminality of its people. But the spirit of earlier years was not in these descriptions. The fire and fury had burned itself out. There was something of a revival of interest toward the turn of the century with the rise of industrial welfare work. But the discussions never approached the old vituperation and only mildly approached the old praise. The sign of the completion of the cycle was given in the last decade. During the World War some people could say quite dispassionately, and more marvelous still, thereby arouse no furious protest, that the generations of factory work had left their mark upon the physique of the soldiers from the manufacturing section of England.

III

In New England the little mills started by Slater and his contemporaries attracted attention and praise as the visible proof of the beginnings of economic independence from Europe which should really consummate the political independence already gained. After forty years' progress the industry was still mainly in public favor. President Jackson was shown how the mills had transformed the barren New England land and had raised up beautiful villages full of contented, happy people. He expressed his satisfaction with these conditions in his felicitations to the invalided Slater. The *Lowell Offering*, that remarkable magazine of the mill girls, their lyceums at which Harvard professors lectured on learned subjects while the girls took notes, the boarding houses with their religious atmosphere—these and many other things furnished texts for favorable descriptions.

Even the *Lowell Offering* suggests in its very answers to current criticisms that the period of attack had begun. Even more so was George White's *History of Cotton Manufactur-*

ing such an example of laudation as to arouse suspicion. He went into elaborate explanation, justification, and denial of conditions which were causing adverse criticism. One of the new defenses which appeared later in fuller vigor in the South was that the people were better off in the mills than on the poor little farms from which they had come. All the old points of attack were renewed: mobility, female in chastity, immorality, criminality, slovenliness, the creation of a social and industrial caste. On the other side were descriptions of the welfare work, religious atmosphere, Sunday Schools, wholesome social life, beneficent control.

The height of the attack and defense of the mills in New England started toward the end of the 1870's and extended into the 1890's. This was a period of great growth of the industry and the passage of protective and restrictive legislation. There were two factors which kept the contest from being as heated as it had been in England. One was that conditions were never as bad as they had been in England. The worst descriptions nowhere approach those of the horrors of the early English mills. This is natural in a country where the frontier with its invitation to the oppressed and the energetic was at the back door. The severest criticism had shifted from physical conditions to social and psychological ills. For in a democratic country one of the worst of evils was, what many thought they saw, the creation of an economic caste and social type. On the other hand, it was perhaps natural, also, that in a Puritan region one of the greatest defenses could be made by citing the instances in which the mill owner constituted himself his brother's—and his employees'—keeper; that he did not do so, was also one of the greatest criticisms.

The second factor that modified the violence of the criticism, and therefore the liveliness of the defense, was that from the middle of the century the cotton mills were an immigrants' industry. The English and Irish were followed by French Canadians, and these by wave after wave of different nationalities. The immigrant was more taken for granted in those days as was also the belief that he must expect to start at

the bottom and that any conditions in America were better than those he was used to.

The status of the New England textile industry in the public regard was reaching a stage of equilibrium when it was upset by the general attack on big business and manufacturing in the early 1900's. Before that period was well over the stage of vigorous criticism of the southern mills had begun. Those of New England came in for flattering comparisons or damning parallels. The competition of the South, however, has brought on the final stage. Since the beginning of the post-war depression the textile industry of New England has been sick—sicker even than that of the South. The efforts of everyone have been centered on the economic problem of saving a business asset. As a result, attack has been reduced to the irreducible minimum of the feeble protests of poorly organized workers; with the disappearance of attack, defense is quiescent—except of course along economic lines. It will be interesting to see if the motif of attack and defense has worn itself out in New England as it has in England.

IV

In the South such small mills as existed received little notice until the 1840's. For a brief period and among a relatively small circle they were heralded as the means of economic and social salvation, not only for the South as a whole but for the individual workers who should come to the new mill villages. For years *De Bow's Review* forwarded this idea by publishing such arguments by William Gregg and the editor himself, and by describing the activities of mill owners in much the style of the success literature of today.

The real beginning of the present mill development since 1880 passed through a similar period of praise. The press, the politician, the preacher, and the forerunner of the community booster joined forces with the business interests to urge the building of mills. The question of the social caste of cotton mill workers took on a new aspect. It was assumed in the main that the people were already a social caste—poor whites. This view was clinched in vivid fashion by Clare de Graffen-

reid in an article in *Century Magazine* in 1891, called "The Georgia Cracker in the Cotton Mill". An artist with words, she described the evidences in village, home and person of ignorance amounting almost to depravity. She pictured the lazy father of the family loafing at the store, supported down to his chewing-tobacco by the wages of wife or child; the malaria and dyspeptic sallowness; the old age before youthful years were over; the illiteracy appalling in its completeness. The piece created a tremendous stir. The defenders of the mills stated in no uncertain terms that the villages they knew had no crackers, that the picture was grossly exaggerated, that the people were worse before reaching the civilizing influence of the village—a dozen defenses expressed in many times a dozen places. It is only in the last decade that critics, reformers and students have begun to insist that the mill and the village, their isolation and control, have anything to do with the creation, to say nothing of perpetuation, of a social class.

The late nineties saw the beginning of New England's interest in southern competition. From the tours of journalists and legislative committees concerned with this interest there flowed more literature of attack, of apology, of defense. The rather vigorous attempt at unionization just following was the occasion for more comment which did not fail to praise or condemn. Jerome Dowd, in the main impartial, made a point of answering the increasing criticism of paternalism in southern mills. He explained that local social, economic, and cultural conditions would make possible a happy solution of the industrial problem. This faith was not shared by the man who published Dowd's articles, the editor of *Gunton's Magazine*, and many other caustic writers. For two or three years the former seldom failed, in every issue of his vitriolic magazine, to denounce hours, wages, woman and child labor, the suppression of efforts at organization, the lack of legal protection, and so on.

This attention to the subject by *Gunton's Magazine* was closely followed from 1902 to about 1906 or 1907 by similar articles in other magazines. To be sure, the southern mills

were getting no more than their share of the muckraking fashionable just then. The period of intensest attack may be said to have started with the speech of Senator Beveridge and the act passed under his leadership in 1907 providing for an investigation of the working conditions of women and children. Especially did he concentrate his attack on the "section of the country where this evil is greatest and most shameful, and where it is practised upon the *purest American strain that still exists in the country*, (his italics) the children in the southern cotton mills." He warned the South, he warned the nation, against the slaughter of this particular breed of infants. From now on for a decade the magazines were filled with "human-interest" stories and pictures of the wretched-looking subjects of them. The National Child Labor Committee redoubled its efforts. Every meeting of a legislature was a signal for the gathering of the lobbyists for the bills and the closing of the ranks of the manufacturers. Charges of bad conditions were met with counter charges of exaggeration and descriptions of good conditions. The line of attack was mainly by statistics, affidavits, doctors' testimony, vivid descriptions and photographs, case studies by visitors to mills and mill families. The defense was varied: that the pictures were exaggerated; that the cases cited were exceptional; that the people were far better off than they had been on the farms from which they had come; that things were improving and in time such instances—attendant evils to any such large social and industrial upheaval—would disappear; that the prosperity of the mills was not dependent on child labor; that the managers would rather not work children but had to in order to hold the adult members of the family, since they were dealing with a people used to having the children help with the family support; that the children were not pressed hard, but spent a part of their time in the mill playing; that a philanthropic and benevolent interest on the part of the employer modified the situation; and, finally, pleas that the good feeling between employer and employee were not to be disturbed—that class be not arrayed against class. W. H. Page had attracted attention to the South with his southern issue of *Worlds Work* and the

section was becoming fashionable among the magazines, which praised the mills as a part of the wonderful revival. Newspapers local and national, specialized trade papers and even books, were beginning to deal with the new welfare work. There were glowing accounts of schools and cooking classes, of baby clinics and social centers. And so in this period of severest attack, the mills did not lack for numerous and enthusiastic defenders.

Contests over the child labor regulations passed under the Interstate Commerce Act and subsequent test cases kept the subject before the public in a highly controversial form. In 1922 came the adverse decision on the last of these. Soon after, the efforts to pass a constitutional amendment enabling Congress to legislate on the subject met with such signal defeat in other parts of the country as well as in the South that it looked as though the storm had about worn itself out.

But the South is not yet over its period of storm and stress. This is shown by the heat which was roused by the article of Frank Tannenbaum in the *Century Magazine* in 1923, called "The South Buries Its Anglo-Saxons"—in the cotton mills. A brilliant writer, a keen observer, he challenged the defenders of the system to render an account of what they were doing to this "purest Anglo-Saxon blood in America" to which they had so long and so often pointed with pride. The storm of protest was almost unbelievable in its heat and endurance. Manufacturers' associations, editorials in and letters to the textile magazines and the regular press, resolutions, and articles offered every form of reply, contradiction and counter argument from reminders that Tannenbaum was a jailbird and an agitator (a far more damning term in the textile South) to serious consideration of what might be a truer interpretation of the social changes brought about by the mills.

The fury of this onset was about dissipated when in 1927 Bishop James Cannon and forty other churchmen issued their appeal to the mill owners to save their people from what was described as a deadening isolation. Since then the manufacturers' associations of the states and the South have answered

in one way or another the charges he made. The trade papers have commented in temper varying from dignified protests to ranting vituperation. Individuals have challenged the Bishop's patriotism and his intelligence. Editors of newspapers have variously praised him as a forward looking statesman and as a man blind to the advances taking place about him.

The subject still contains dynamite. It is interesting to speculate on how long it will continue to do so. The recent amazing expansion of the industry must mean that the period of greatest growth is over. Laws have been gradually passed that make attack less easy. In other areas the appearance of these factors has been the occasion for the quieting of the most violent attack and the most impetuous defense.

V

The reasons for this perennial interest in cotton mills are rather complicated. One of these may be the size and wide geographical distribution of the industry. While it may not at any given time employ more women and children than some other, the total number is impressive; and these employees are so scattered in different sections of the country and the world that there is a vast public interested in them: reformers, boosters, students, talk and write, and a large share of the citizens listen to and read their effusions. The group is under observation in many places at once, and always most critically, for both praise and blame. People who know China and Japan tell us that after so few years of existence there the cotton mills are beginning to receive their baptism of fire.

Another reason for interest is inherent in the history of the mills. Of all our machine industries the cotton mill came first, and still comes first in new industrial territories: it has become almost a symbol of the factory system, with all the good and ill that system has brought in its train. It was the first to break a thousand traditions of a rural and handicraft civilization, the first to subject a large body of working people to the discipline of the machine, the first formally to employ women and children, the first to take people out of their homes to labor. In each new area it does all these things anew, and for the first time.

There may be one other major reason. Because the mills employ whole families, because of their traditions in housing, because of the many factors that tend to isolate the workers, the cotton mills have always had a social bearing more apparent than most kinds of employment. People have always been interested in what the system might be doing to the family; with the increase in the study of society in recent decades they are interested in what it may be doing to a whole section of the population—what it may be doing to breed a type.

Incidentally, it is worthy of note that the periods of the most fulsome praise and the severest condemnation have been those of demand for legislation. It would be a nice question for research in public opinion to discover which is cause and which effect. The reformer has grounds for his belief that the need and the deliberate and conscious desire for improvement, cause the agitation resulting in legislation. The economic determinist can cite the long continued presence of evils and the recognition of a need for better conditions long before such laws are passed. And so he can maintain that the shouting and the tumult are only noisy accompaniments for what the industry is economically ready for.

And now, to follow the fashion of a proper fable, what can be our lessons from this story? There is one for each of several different sorts of people. To the dispirited reformer and his friends, there is the consolation that after a while the worst evils he is trying to right will be at least ameliorated. In fact, he can easily believe that the more wildly he agitates the more quickly he can bring this about. To the weary manufacturer and his friends, beset on every side, there is the comfort that for his part of the world there will some day be at least relative peace. If he is a good rationalizer he can congratulate himself and his industry that he and it are still being plagued and still have so much spirit for reply. It can be taken as a sign of health and vigor.

To the serious student of the industry alone is there little reassurance or hope. All through the hundred and fifty years of mill criticism (I use the word in its technical sense of analysis and description whether favorable or unfavorable) occa-

sional moderate souls have tried to evaluate the good and the ill as impartially as they can. If they say a bad word amongst the good, they are condemned by the *pros* as reformers and busybodies, unappreciative of a great blessing to the country. If they say a good word among the bad, they are denounced by the *cons* as in the pay of the manufacturer. On both sides he who is not for us—totally for us—is against us. The prejudices of his hearers are powerful and of long standing. Indeed he is often unable to purge himself of them completely.

We are in the beginning of what promises to be an age of discovery in the realm of the social order. It will be interesting to see if the new scientific spirit is equal to the task of coping with the problems in this field without fear or favor.

INDUSTRY AND THE IMAGINATION

GRANVILLE HICKS

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CERTAIN prophets of a new day in literature are given to exhorting young writers to convert into artistic forms the characteristic phenomena of our industrial age. They argue, soundly enough, that literature cannot ignore forces which are responsible for a revolutionary alteration in the conduct of men's affairs. The average citizen lives in a house whose comforts are all the products of modern industry: some one of the many mechanical devices of transportation carries him to his place of employment; quite possibly he works all day at some gigantic machine which plays a more complicated part in the processes of production than he plays; in the evening he finds relief from the monotony of his task by riding in his automobile, listening to his radio, or visiting a nearby moving picture theatre. His food is prepared with the aid of either electricity or gas, and while he consumes his meals he glances at his newspaper, the crowning achievement of mechanical ingenuity. His wife, if she is fortunate, makes electricity her servant in the accomplishment of her household tasks, and his children become amazingly agile in avoiding the dangers to which they are exposed on their way to and from school. If a war is declared and our average citizen is drafted, he finds himself not a knight in armor, but merely a mechanic, and his life may be wiped out by some shrewd utilization of the principles of modern chemistry or modern physics. In two centuries almost every one of the functions which go to make up the round of human existence has been modified by the application of scientific discoveries to the processes of production and distribution.

Manifestly literature cannot avoid either the changes which have been wrought in human life or the forces which have made those changes possible, and the literary prophets are justified in rebuking writers who refuse to take cognizance of the manifold phenomena which distinguish life in the

twentieth century from life in the eighteenth. What is amazing in the exhortations of these men of letters is their apparent assumption that all one has to do in order to write about industry and the life of an industrial civilization is to make up one's mind that one will treat those subjects. The truth of the matter is, of course, that the will is not, and has not been, lacking. A few romanticists, perhaps, have asserted that literature cannot again flourish until the earth's supply of coal and oil is exhausted, but the majority of authors who have avoided writing about industry have been moved by practical rather than doctrinaire reasons. Moreover, industry, though it has received less attention than it deserves, has not been entirely neglected. Any novelist or dramatist who is at all concerned with contemporary life is certain to find himself confronted with some of the consequences, if not with the phenomena, of modern industry. And there have been novelists, dramatists, and even poets who have elected to devote themselves to the portrayal not merely of the fringes of industrial life but of the very center, the factories, the machines, the humblest toilers. The critical question is why these efforts have failed, why industry is still regarded as the unconquered territory of literature?

We find, when we examine the treatment accorded industry by such writers as have dared to attack the subject, that contemporary literature is full of admirable descriptions of industrial processes and of the minutiae of life in an industrial civilization. These descriptions, however, though many of them are distinctly commendable, fail to satisfy us, and fail to satisfy the critics who are demanding an art that is representative of a machine age. We return, therefore, to what is a commonplace of modern literary criticism—to the conclusion that description is not enough. One of the notable characteristics of the more vital literary discussions of the day is a revolt against the opinion, tenaciously held by yesterday's realists, that objective truth is desirable and attainable. It is generally recognized to-day that both in the ordinary affairs of life and in the specialized work of the artist, what a man sees is determined by the equipment of his mind and

the nature of his interests. The chaos of life can be reduced to a pattern only when life is regarded from a definite point of view—the scientific, for example, or the utilitarian. The artistic point of view is distinguished from other points of view primarily because it permits a wider, a more penetrating, and a more nearly unified vision. The patterns of the ordinary man are few, simple, and monotonous, determined largely by the naïve and primitive character of his desires. The great artist is a man who has the ability imaginatively to create new patterns which enrich the existences of his fellow-men. What we mean, then, when we say that description is not enough, is that we cannot be satisfied with descriptions which merely record what everybody can see. Arnold Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale*, to take a single instance, is masterly; by revealing more of the details of life than we could notice, it increases our knowledge of life. But its triumph is quantitative; it enables us to see more of life, not to see life differently, which is, basically, what we demand of art.

A writer must have something approaching a philosophical attitude toward life, though he need not—and possibly should not—attempt to formulate that attitude in the language of dialectics. Not only must that attitude, if it is to be fruitful, be more than the attitude of the generality of men and women; it must also be entirely the writer's own. Every man has his private view of the universe, which, though it has elements in common with the views of other people, has also its unique qualities. The temptation of the writer, finding his own attitude inadequately formulated, is to attempt to borrow that which some other writer has found profitable. This he can never do, but in trying to do it he destroys whatever potential value there may have been in his own way of looking at things.

Critics, recognizing this fact, constantly—and rightly—beseech the young author to be sure that his philosophy of life is truly his. But these same critics, so far as one can judge, make the strange assumption that any point of view will suffice so long as it is indigenous to the author and is held with sufficient tenacity. This extremely romantic dogma is

expressed in some words of Lawson, the young artist in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. "What has nature to do with it?" he inquires rhetorically. "No one knows what's in nature and what isn't. The world sees nature through the eyes of the artist. Why, for centuries it saw horses jumping a fence with all their legs extended, and by Heaven, sir, they were extended. It saw shadows black until Monet discovered they were coloured, and, by Heaven, sir, they were black. If we choose to surround objects with a black line, the world will see the black line, and there will be a black line; and if we paint grass red and cows blue, it'll see them red and blue, and, by Heaven, they will be red and blue."

The passage does illustrate, however hyperbolically, the part which the artist plays in determining what his fellow-men see and hear, but one wonders if the red grass and blue cows are not a *reductio ad absurdum*. The classicist would tell us that there was only one vantage point from which truth could be beheld, and the realist, though with his own interpretation, would be prone to agree. To me, however, the epistemology behind the classicist position is impossible, and, in any case, to say that there is one attitude and one alone which is productive of absolute truth seems of theoretical importance only. But I am not prepared to assert, with Somerset Maugham's young man, that one point of view is as good as another. I should rather say that the number of valid and fruitful attitudes is limited, and that within that number there may be a scale of values. These limitations, it seems to me, are imposed both by the nature of art and by the nature of the subject matter.

To discuss all the elements which constitute a valid and fruitful attitude would lead us too far afield, but there is one consideration which is closely related to our discussion of industry and the imagination. Whenever an artist touches upon a subject, he finds it necessary to relate it to other subjects, particularly to human life and human values, which are his primary concern. In other words, he seeks for an imaginative unity. But in life itself there is a struggle for a

practical unification, an effort to bring the various elements of life into some kind of harmony. And the history of literature would indicate that a maladjustment in life necessarily creates a literary problem. The imaginative solution may anticipate and contribute to the practical solution, or, as has perhaps been more often the case, it may wait upon the actual adjustment in life, but everything indicates that the two are not unrelated.

Such a maladjustment in life the rapid development of industry has indubitably brought about. No one can delude himself that either society or the individual knows what to do with the phenomena of industrialism. The struggle between capital and labor reveals the new stratification that has resulted from the industrial revolution, and what is known as the business cycle indicates the extent to which the forces of industry defy human control. A study of the history of only the last half century will show how the production of more and more wealth may absorb the energies of an entire people, and the orgies of spending which have accompanied the amassing of riches are merely one more example of the way in which industry has diverted men from ancient standards and accepted occupations. For the individual the problem is fully as difficult. The task of achieving the good life has been infinitely complicated by the enormous increase in the number of "things." One need not argue, ascetically, that the increase in physical comforts is bad, and one may even have faith that it will eventually enrich life, but surely it is clear that at the moment living the good life has been made difficult not merely because millions of people labor under degrading conditions, but also because the multiplication of resources has militated against an intelligent choice of values.

Faced with this situation, with the presence of a tremendous force which seemingly defies control and certainly baffles evaluation, the artist is rendered almost impotent. It is sometimes said that criticism is not the artist's task, but in revealing the complex relationships of men and their environments the writer is forced to make the most telling kind of judgment on the civilization with which he is concerned. It is not his

duty to deal in moralistic slogans, but he cannot avoid portraying human life in terms of the forces that shape it. He cannot describe a man at work at a machine without confessing his conviction regarding the effect of that machine on that man, and in so doing he inevitably passes judgment on the industrial system of which both man and machine are part. And yet no one can tell whether industrialism is a curse or a boon to humanity, or, if that is putting the issue too sharply, where the ultimate gains and ultimate losses will lie. Scientists and social scientists make their guesses; manufacturers and agitators make assertions and counter-assertions; opinions on the subject abound. But always we come back to the fact that men are not adjusted to industry as they are adjusted, for example, to agriculture, to sea-faring, or even to those new views of the universe which are closely associated with the rise of science and the consequent rise of industry. And it is this actual adjustment in terms of daily life which the imaginative assimilation in literature most nearly resembles and to which it is most closely related. Men did not always know how to accept the changed life brought about by agricultural innovations, and it was not until agriculture had long been a normal fact of human existence that it was readily introduced into literature. The literary treatment of the sea shows the same situation, albeit somewhat complicated. Once the sea aroused awe and terror, an adequate attitude in a way, and one which furnished a satisfactory basis for primitive epics. Later, as the sea became a factor in commercial life, it was more difficult to acquiesce in its horrors, and many a poet found it easier to sentimentalize about the ocean than to deal with it honestly. Now the sea is looked upon as ultimately conquerable if not already conquered, and, though it is still regarded with awe, it is treated with confidence.

Since the dislocation in human affairs caused by the industrial revolution has not been matched since the beginnings of written history, we cannot wonder that some writers, brought to desperation by the disorder about them, seek to flee from the horrid spectacle and to take imaginative refuge

in ages and places untouched by the blight of the machine. The literary movement known as the romantic revolt was a reaction against a complex array of forces, but not the least important of these was industrialism, which had just begun its triumphant progress. Contemporary romanticism, more obviously and more completely, seeks escape from industrial life. We see this clearly in the popular romances of the western prairies and the northern woods, but it is equally apparent in the medievalism of Chesterton and Belloc and in the cynicism of Cabell's chronicles of mythical Poictesme. Such writers not only express their own revulsion from the tumult and sordidness of the contemporary scene; they also minister to the longings of their readers to find some refuge from the disgruntling chaos of their lives. Romanticism is a natural literary mood at the present moment, and one is surprised only because it is not more common. The truth seems to be, however, that large numbers of poets and novelists are unwilling to turn their backs on what is unquestionably the dominant tendency of modern times. For this refusal they are to be felicitated. A literature of escape fails to enrich life, and, indeed, is impoverishing because, acting as opiate, it distracts attention and obscures the need for change. Moreover, romanticism, by emphasizing the hiatus between life and literature, devitalizes the latter. It may be, as has already been suggested, that industry cannot be utilized by art, but one is loath to admit that defeat is so easy. We do not know enough about literary processes to state *a priori* that a literature of industry is impossible, nor have we at this time, when the possibilities have by no means been exhausted, sufficient empirical ground for reaching this conclusion.

If the literature of escape cannot satisfy us, no more can the literature of protest in such forms as it has hitherto taken. In the days of the muckrakers there appeared a few vigorous novels, *The Jungle* among them, which were directly aimed at reforming industrial conditions. Such works have always provoked the scorn of aesthetes, but that does not mean that nothing can be said in their defence. If we grant that literature is essentially a criticism of the times with

which it deals, and if we admit that industrial conditions have been and are deserving of condemnation, then we cannot blame Upton Sinclair for vigorously attacking the packing industry and for venturing to set forth what he believed to be a solution for the problem he stated. The difficulty lies not with the fact that he aims at reform, but with the fact that the reform which he visualizes leads him to a distortion of life.

An examination of novels of protest brings us back to an earlier observation, namely, that the imaginative attitude which the artist adopts toward industry cannot be utterly removed from the factual solution toward which the events of life are moving. We feel that the order which these novelists so readily bring out of the chaos that they brilliantly portray is factitious and unreal. Their premises are firmly rooted in the facts of life, but the conclusions which they imaginatively develop are not conclusions which actually might result from the conditions they describe. If an artist could reveal imaginatively a group of people living in a society which had assimilated the industrial processes and learned to use them for the enrichment of life, we should hail him not as a reformer but as a great artist. When a writer aims at propaganda he exposes himself to the gravest dangers as an artist, but a writer, purely in his artistic capacity, may sometimes render the very services toward which the propagandist had aimed.

It is necessary to say all this in fairness to the literature of protest, especially at a time when the excesses of the reformers and protestants have brought discredit on the entire movement, but it is also necessary to point out that the artist who refuses to seek escape from industry is not forced to experiment with plans for the reformation of industry. Another possibility is that he may seek in the industrial processes, and in the life which industry has shaped, for adjustments that have already been made, for glimpses of beauty that already exist. Painters have long since called our attention to the beauty of line which is to be found in many machines, and architects have revealed the possibilities of steel-

reënforced concrete. Poetry has been more diffident, but the ebullient Carl Sandburg is not alone in the discovery of beauty in industry and in the creation of forms for the expression of that beauty. That such efforts are valuable cannot be denied; they enrich our literature and perhaps make our lives more tolerable. But they are essentially fragmentary, whereas art seeks to be catholic. Here and there are bits which the poet can use, but most of industry is still refractory. The artist cannot be satisfied, nor can his art be wholly great, until he has subdued the whole structure and found in the most characteristic phenomena of industrialism themes for his novels, dramas, and poems.

The literary treatment of industry, then, waits upon the development of a social order which has made it possible to accept, and has accepted, industry in some such way as our ancestors learned to accept agriculture. The conquest of the land has never been complete, nor has the conquest of the sea, and it is unreasonable to expect that the conquest of mechanical power will ever be final; but it is possible that industry may be tamed to human uses and made to contribute to human values, and, indeed, there can be little hope for humanity if this is not done. It has been pointed out that Gandhi is inconsistent in rejecting the machines of the West while he clings to the spinning wheels of India. Illogical his attitude seems, but it has behind it a logic more powerful than syllogisms. We have gone beyond Rousseau's crude distinctions between natural and unnatural, but we are forced to recognize a validity beneath the misleading terms. Centuries of use have made all India familiar with the spinning wheel, which has become a part of the cultural as well as the industrial life of the people. Western industry, on the other hand, disturbs the established order, destroys ancient values, and disrupts beloved cultures. We have chosen a different path, having elected—or, rather, having been forced, even as India is being forced—to permit these innovations. But we cannot deny the accuracy of Gandhi's diagnosis. All that we can do is to transcend the evils which he correctly describes. Industry has brought good as well as evil, but evil is there to be elimi-

nated, and even the good—the comforts of bathtubs and automobiles—has to be related to other and less novel goods.

While this maladjustment remains, it is idle to expect a literature of industry to bloom forth at the waving of the wand of critical exhortation. And yet I am unwilling to assert that the solution in life must completely precede the solution in literature. There may come a time when the drift of events will be apparent to the man of exceptional perspicacity, and when the creative artist will find it possible to show forth imaginatively the way to a civilization that has learned to make industry its servant. In other words, art, though it cannot work miracles, though it cannot reduce to perfect order what in life is utter chaos, is not merely the reflection of what already exists. The men who have written about industry thus far have failed either because the artistic problem involved is at the moment insoluble, or because their imaginations are too weak. Which is the correct explanation we cannot now tell. But there may be now, and if there are not now there may be some time, foundations of a better order to be perceived in the order that exists. And the creative artist will build upon these foundations an imaginative structure that will itself contribute to the introduction of a civilization that is more than nominal.

It is not my intention, then, to belittle the functions and opportunities of the artist, even though I do insist that a far-reaching maladjustment in life almost certainly results in the paralyzing of literary endeavor. I believe that the artist may play his part in eliminating the maladjustment, may, indeed, do more by virtue of his insight and his imagination than all the sociologists and statesmen. It is true, however, that the artist can no more build on empty air than can they. Every novel of protest and every poem which reveals unrealized beauty contributes to the creation of a society in which industry is the servant of man and the subject-matter of art. And perhaps every worker for a better social order, even though an ignoramus in matters of aesthetics, contributes, too.

THE BRITISH IN THE EAST

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I

BRITISH POWER and influence in the East are, today, shaken to their foundations. Are they tottering to a final collapse? Or are there reasons to believe or to hope they may be re-established, that they may emerge from the present crisis without mortal wounds, take a new lease of life, and endure still for a long period?

These are large questions. The answers to them depend on many complex factors of which the future course and influence are beyond all sure prediction. American opinion is one of these factors; I venture to think that it may play a larger rôle in the determination of the issue than has yet been suspected. When at the world-crisis an inscrutable Providence placed in the Presidency of the American Republic an armchair philosopher, his academic utterances, backed by the vast vague image of American wealth and power, swept over the world and played no small part in raising that wave of nationalistic aspiration which now threatens to submerge all British influence in the East. This illustrates how potent may be the influence of American opinion in the future. With it, I believe, lies the casting vote in this matter, the decisive voice in this great arbitrament. If predominant American opinion and policy shall reflect the uninstructed altruism of Woodrow Wilson, tempered by the traditional desire to twist the lion's tail, they may well give to all the malcontents of the East and to the Socialists of Britain a moral support that will sustain them to the bitter end, the end of British influence in the East. If, on the other hand, the opinion of America, as yet vague and unformed, may prove favorable to British influence, if American policy may be one of tolerance in a situation requiring the utmost patience, forbearance and tact, Britain may still find sufficient moral strength to support the strain, to

weather the storm, and to continue, perhaps on improved lines, her eastern influence.

What, then, is that influence? It is worthy to be continued? What is the nature of Britain's influence upon all the vast eastern population among which it is now exerted and still predominant? And we may rightly dismiss the past, not delaying to debate whether on the whole that influence has been good or bad. The question on which we may rightly concentrate our attention is—What is that influence now? What, if it should continue, is it likely to be in the near future? Will those populations be on the whole better or worse for the continuance of British influence? This latter question we may properly divide into two parts. 1. Will they be happier and more prosperous? 2. Will they be more firmly set on the path of progress? For it may well be contended that happiness and prosperity in the near future may be too dearly bought, if the price be the continuance of a tutelage that cramps the soul of a people, hampers their free development, represses their noble rage, and denies them their legitimate aspirations to self-government. On the other hand, the exercise of the rights of self-determination, of self-government, of political experiment, may be too costly, if that exercise involves wide-spread misery, famines and plagues on a vast scale, perpetual warfare and mutual slaughter, administrative chaos, subversion of all justice, corruption of all public life. It is true that we may learn through suffering; but the suffering that brutalises and slays and degrades produces vice and cunning rather than virtue and wisdom.

II

All political institutions are but means to an end, means to the good life for men and women; and they serve as such means only indirectly, namely, in so far as they secure a just, an honest, and an efficient administration of all public affairs. Now it is Britain's highest distinction that, while developing politically along democratic lines, she has known how to develop and maintain an honest and relatively efficient civil service or

administrative machine. And any defense of her position in the East must take its stand on the fact that she has extended the benefits of this service to every population that lives beneath her flag, and, in a partial manner, to other peoples also. Of such partial extension I need cite only the customs service in China, which under the guidance of English officials has long been the one efficient branch of an administration grossly lax in every other part.

Beside the strictly official machine, British influence comprises the maintenance of a multitude of organizations and activities of a beneficent kind, most of which, if her political control were withdrawn, would inevitably be greatly restricted or, in most cases, brought to an end.

Many years ago I spent some two years in various parts of India, China and the Eastern Archipelago. Since that time I have read many books and articles dealing with the peoples and problems of the East. When, therefore, I spent some recent months in those parts, associating both with officials and non-official persons, I was well prepared to seize the salient facts, to take in the meaning of what I saw and heard, and to review my estimate of British influence. It would avail little to state in general terms my favorable verdict. It may be of more service to the cause of just appreciation if I sketch a few of my impressions, especially those of the British activities with which I came in close contact, premising that several of the persons concerned were of my own kin, intimately known to me as regards both their personalities and their antecedents.

Ceylon, Pearl of the East, was our first place of call. I say nothing of Colombo, a great port, a thriving centre of commerce, visited by thousands of Americans. We went up-country to see some of the Buddhist shrines and monuments in which Ceylon abounds; and we were fortunate in seeing them under the guidance of an English friend, the Archaeological Commissioner. We travelled up and down the length of the island on a well appointed and efficient railway system staffed almost entirely by natives of the country. We travelled by motor over the system of excellent roads which traverse the

island in every part. But what seemed most noteworthy was the evidence of revived and active interest of the Buddhist community in the monuments of its religion. Although Ceylon has long been acknowledged one of the great and authoritative centres of the Buddhist faith, the multitude of monuments, temples, shrines, the dome-shaped *viharas* great and small, had everywhere been in decay for centuries before the British occupation, and the most part of them had become mere ruins smothered by the jungle. But now the people are taking a renewed pride and interest in them and are undertaking to restore them. In one place I saw one of the hugest of the *viharas* well-nigh rebuilt by native efforts, still in active progress; and the famous temple of the Bo tree (off-shoot of that one under which the Buddha received his illumination) we found at night brilliantly illuminated with hundreds of electric lamps.

Now it is surely good that a people professing a lofty religion which prescribes a graceful and refining temple service for all its followers should thus busy themselves with its material historic symbols. And this revival of activity must stand to the credit of the British government. It was British officers that first cleared away the encroaching destroying jungle from many Buddhist monuments; it was the British government which first established an archæological service and undertook to conserve, protect and restore the monuments. And, having by its example stirred in the Buddhist community a new interest and a new ambition, it hands over to them whatever monuments they will undertake to care for. Is there any parallel to this? Is there anywhere to be found an equally striking instance of beneficent and tolerant ruling by a foreign power?

III

From Ceylon we passed across the narrow straits to southern India. And the contrast was vivid. After the gentle sylvan park-like beauty of Ceylon one found a country of strange and terrible aspect. A vast sunbaked plain, watered and rendered fruitful here and there by a multitude of wells

at which men and cattle must labour all day long, lest man and beast and herb shall all perish together in that fierce and glaring light. As the train speeds on, mountains rise gaunt and shrely from the plain, bare savage crags that seem to have been thrust through the flat surface of the earth by some vast plutonic power.

And the religion of the people shows a correspondingly profound difference. Here and there one may descry across the plain vast pinnacles of masonry, not less sombre and forbidding than the mountains themselves. Draw near and look more closely at one of these Hindu temples. Pass with us at dawn through the infinitely picturesque streets of a Hindu town and stand before one of them. A vast enclosure with frowning gun-embresured walls! For the despots who, by the forced labor of multitudes of abject subjects, reared this monstrous temple of a monstrous religion made it also a fortress of their tyranny. Over the gate rears itself one vast pile; in the centre of the great court another. Each has that majesty which pertains to every great structure reared by human hands. But each is horrid by reason of the multitude of carvings that cover all its surface; carvings of grotesque and bestial gods, in which no trace of grace or beauty can be found, carvings made everywhere more gruesome by the carven image of the deadly hooded cobra, ten thousand times repeated. The whole place is deserted save for one caretaker and one priest. The latter shows us round courteously enough, forbidding us only to peer into the dim central cavern, within which are made rites too dark for foreign eyes to see. But he shows with a naïve pride (tinged, as I suspect, with a faint trace of shame) four smaller dark caverns within each of which is the rude stone image of a bestial god; and shows us also in a dark covered way against the outer wall a long range (more than a thousand, he proclaims) of *lingams*, repulsive stone representations in varied sizes of the generative organs in action.

He shows us also, stored in great chambers at the base of the vast pinnacle, all the hideous paraphernalia of a religious festival—great clumsy wagons on which are reared goggle-

eyed images of gods and goddesses, smeared with bright colors and gaudy with tinsel. It reminds one of the worst possible instances of ecclesiastical taste in backward Roman Catholic areas, here carried down to the most abject pitch of ugliness. In due season these will be dragged through the streets of the town day after day, followed by a braying discordant clamour in which no ear may detect a trace of harmony or other element of music than crude rhythms that serve but to intensify crude emotions.

And the system is fatal not less to the intellect than to the heart. In another vast temple-court we saw at one end the worship of a living cobra, at the other a Sanskrit college at work. There students from various regions sit at their task of memorizing the worthless lore of ancient books. It is that task of endless memorizing which is the bane of the East, which dulls the intellect, represses all active enquiry, and leaves its victims pedants of the worst type, ignorant even of the history and significance of the very temples in which they lounge away their lives.

Another day we drove fifty miles down a great banian-shaded road, a road along which Clive, with a handful of British soldiers, had one day marched in haste to one of his most astonishing victories. We came to a city richer than any other in Hindu temples, a multitude of every age, size and form; a city swarming with Brahmins, in whose streets the processions of pilgrims and gaudy brazen festivals are almost unceasing. There we found amidst all this riot of Hinduism two Europeans only, a Scots missionary and his wife. For thirty years he has dwelt there in a modest bungalow, alone (but for his faithful wife) since the death of a fellow Scotsman, who for an equal period had endeared himself to the people by caring for the local hospital and the health of all who came to him. This modest Scot has small reward in harvest of Christian converts. Buried alive, he seems. But his devoted life is not wasted. He knows the temples, their history, their significance, their archaeology, as none of the priests, who will but spin you fantastic stories if you enquire

of them. He knows their beliefs, their rites and practices; and on all these things he has written learnedly and will write more. But more yet he knows. He knows the state of the crops and of the food stores; he foresees when scarcity or famine threatens; he advises when relief-work must be put in hand and food must be hurried in from distant lands to keep the people alive. And the government is glad of his information, trusts it and acts upon it. He knows also the state of feeling of the people; knows the temperature of religious fever; knows when religious festivals threaten riot, and warns the government. And then the Collector comes down and rides, unarmed and unattended, amid the surging multitude, beside the lumbering cars with their gaudy tinsel idols—a solitary Englishman, whose presence alone prevents religious enthusiasm turning to murderous strife between Hindu sect and sect. Such is the prestige of the British Raj. And who shall blame it if here and there at long intervals in this great continent amidst thrice a hundred million fanatics, it maintains a cantonment where a handful of British soldiers beguile the time with drill and football on the sunbaked barrack yard? At any moment they may be called from their football to march, as Clive marched more than a century ago, to prevent a riot from becoming a massacre. It is but a very few years since in this same region some thousands of Moslem fanatics broke loose and began to slaughter indiscriminately their Hindu fellow citizens. We travelled a thousand miles through British India, and saw no sign of military occupation beyond a dozen British boys busy at football and a half-dozen sepoys lying among their baggage on the deck of a steamer.

To withdraw from India these few British troops were as conducive to law and order as to abolish the police force of Chicago. Has it not been reported that even in "God's own country," in bloody William's County and elsewhere, soldiers have been called in to restore a semblance of peace and order?

IV

Then to Madras, fair city of magnificent distances, a garden city, which seen from a high roof in the midst appears

like one vast leafy garden with a few patches of crowded habitations. Does it resound with bugle calls and the tramp of armed men? Do the natives creep abjectly, groaning beneath the scourge of the tax-gatherer? Do they toil and die that the British oppressor may live?

As I save said, a few English boys at football is all the sign of soldiery we see. We also see the legislators at work in the very centre of British authority; a hundred Indians to two British. The splendid cars of these legislators await them, filling the large court yard. And on every hand as one drives to and fro in this spacious garden-city one sees, not barracks and forts and jails, but museums, colleges, schools (the university has five distinct colleges, all flourishing) dispensaries, hospitals, general and special of all kinds, a magnificently organized bacteriological institute, an aquarium where every day troops of Indians delightedly explore the wonders of the deep. Never have I seen a city so full of the evidences of enlightened philanthropy; and every tittle of all this owes its origin to British initiative. It is true that the major part of the staffs of all these institutions are now Indians; but he would be a foolish optimist who should fortell that a fifth part of these beneficent activities would survive by twenty years the withdrawal of the British from India.

Let it be remembered that the only practice of the Hindu religion against which the British Raj has sternly set its face is the practice of *suttee*, still secretly approved, if not also secretly practiced in many quarters. Let it be remembered that all the beneficent work briefly indicated in the foregoing pages, is carried on by British perseverance beneath an enormous deadweight of ignorance and superstition, in face of the active fires of bigotry and the stolid resentment of customs older than the pyramids of Egypt. Consider a single example. When the crops fail in spite of all that governmental foresight can do, and government imports foreign grains, the people, finding that the change of food upsets some digestions long inured to one monotonous diet, suspect that government is poisoning them; they then resort to their

own unripe grain or other irritating food substances, and cholera scourges them.

And when it is asserted, as so often it has been by ignorant and biased critics, that the British Raj has impoverished India, let this not be accepted without thought. There are many facts to be taken into the account. Among others, these. The wealth of India was formerly in the hands of ruthless despots who spent it largely in raising magnificent palaces and vast temples by the labor of countless slaves. Under the British Raj the population has multiplied threefold in one century, and, spurred on by the cult of the generative powers, still swells enormously. This immense multiplication of population rendered possible by British administration, by public hygiene, irrigation works, relief of famine, and suppression of perpetual civil warfare and slaughter, and paralleled in the history of the world only by the multiplication of the population of Great Britain during her industrial development, keeps the masses of the people pressing on the margin of subsistence. Where population increases without restraint, either voluntary or by destructive agencies such as plague, famine and warfare, poverty of the masses is inevitable, no matter how rich the resources of a country, how enlightened and beneficent its government. The agriculture of India, her chief resource, remains primitive by reason of custom and superstition. For example: everywhere we see a multitude of lean half-starved cattle, far more numerous than the land can well support; for the cult of the cow (intelligible and perhaps even beautiful when the original conquerors were a nomad pastoral host) forbids them to slaughter any or to use their flesh. If this senseless superstitious cult should give place to a rational and humane treatment of their cattle, the prosperity of the peasant and, therefore, of all India, would be greatly augmented.

V

I have said hard things about the Hindu religion. European authors who touch on this matter commonly dwell on the profundity of the underlying philosophy or on the magnifi-

cence of the temples; but these things are irrelevant to the main question, the influence of the religion on the daily lives of three hundred million people. This adulation of unthinking Europeans does but encourage the Indian in a false and foolish pride. He is willing to concede European superiority in the material sphere, in such gross matters as mechanics and medicine; but with unshaken obstinacy he proudly hugs the delusion that in the spiritual and moral sphere his civilization is vastly superior, taking every manifestation of gross superstition as evidence of spirituality.

A great and enlightened Indian educator recently addressed a private gathering, chiefly of his own countrymen. He told them, with a frankness which Europeans would do well to emulate, that from Europe they still had to learn two things, namely: first, respect for the truth and the disinterested pursuit of knowledge; secondly, unselfish devotion to the general welfare. The address gave great offense and has never been published.

Are then the defects of Indians wholly due to their religion? Or are rather the defects of their religion the expression of some deep-lying peculiarities of constitution, which in turn are fostered by the religion? It is a profoundly difficult question. But I have little doubt of the truth of the second alternative. One of the grounds for this opinion is the fact that, even where the mild, the graceful, the lofty worship of Buddha prevails, many of the same failings are seen. The history of Buddhist Ceylon is one long tale of tyranny, of slaughter, of fratricide, of poisoning and treachery. And the peoples of India, having been in large part converted to the mild cult of the Buddha, turned back from it to worship again the debased and debasing gods of the decaying Hindu religion.

We may, I think, go further and point to at least two such deep-lying constitutional defects. First, the adulation of power. This tendency appears everywhere in the life of the people of India. It is the root of all that is extravagant in their religion. It permeates and colors all their social life. Let me mention a few instances. John Nicholson was one of

the outstanding figures of the Indian mutiny. By his stern high-handed actions he did much towards suppression. To most of his fellow countrymen he is not even a name. In India he has become the object of a cult still flourishing over wide areas.

When some years ago Mr. Gandhi attained immense prestige, the people believed that, in spite of his seditious preaching, government dare not touch him. And by this belief his prestige was created. But as soon as a most patient government showed that it was not afraid of him and subjected him to a most gentle imprisonment, taking the utmost precautions for his health and comfort, his prestige disappeared as though by a stroke of magic.

The same excess of adulation or submission is shown in the common attitude of the people before any one in power, not only before European officials but also before any of their countrymen of rank or position, an attitude that goes far beyond the requirements of courtesy. It may be illustrated by the following incident. As we travelled by rail a high Indian official of the railway travelled in the next compartment, attended by a subordinate. At each station he appeared in the open doorway of the corridor, haughtily enjoying the cringing salutations of all the railway servants, from the station-master downwards. As he stood at the open door I admired him, a tall, erect, athletic, capable, commanding figure. I thought—if India has many such men she will not long need British assistance.

But the same figure illustrated also the second defect which I suspect to be constitutional. After each halt we were annoyed by the violent banging of the unfastened door of the corridor as the train rumbled on. Several times, before I had grasped the situation, I went out and fastened the door. But when it appeared that on each occasion the door had been left unfastened by our official neighbor, good taste bade us suffer this annoyance during several hours. A turn of the great man's wrist or a word to his subordinate would have spared the rolling stock some injury and us the annoyance; but neither

was given, though the halts were many. Doubtless, the great man was doing all that was prescribed for him in the official code. But he showed a total lack of that readiness to put things right, to go one step beyond prescribed duty, which is of the essence of efficient administration. That flapping, banging door, I thought, is the symbol of India's need, which hitherto has been met only by British assistance and supervision. What avails subtle intellect, mathematical and speculative genius, or literary skill, if high officials cannot be trusted to fasten doors that cry aloud to them with no uncertain voice? Even if India can reform and enlighten her religions, will she not always need in her administrative services men who will fasten the flapping doors? And can she find them among her own peoples? Can this change be hoped for in "the unchanging East"?

All the great religions of India, the Hindu, the Moslem and the Buddhist creeds alike, foster both these defects. And they foster what is perhaps but another form of the former one, namely, unbounded credulity. One meets professors learned in western science who accept unquestioningly the wildest and most marvellous tales of magical powers and happenings. I have noticed, also, that some of her scientists run easily into that crude error of crude young men in the West which consists in dogmatically asserting that man is merely a machine, a complex piece of mechanism fortuitously assembled. This, also, is an error of excessive credulity. Perhaps India's greatest need is a healthy scepticism—not scepticism of the heart—that flourishes rankly—but scepticism of the intellect. And where shall she find it, if not in western science?

VI

We pass on to Singapore, a very small island peopled by nearly half a million Chinese, some thousands of the native Malays, and some hundreds of Indians and British. It may fairly be called the paradise of the Chinaman. There, under the security of a just and honest administration, many Chinese coolies, arrived with nothing beyond their scanty garments,

have become healthy, wealthy and wise, have become prosperous merchants and have reared their families with all the advantages of wealth, education and refinement. But, as in Java, the Bolshevik serpent has crept in; and during our brief stay a police inspector and a small posse of Malay police were brutally assaulted by a turbulent mob of Chinese coolies. The next day a company of British soldiers marched with their band unarmed through the main streets; and, as the disorder still showed some remnant of vitality, two days later a company of sailors from a warship marched through the streets with fixed bayonets. Such incidents are, of course, regretted by the well-to-do Chinese who do what they can to discourage them; for they know well that their prosperity depends wholly on the continuance of the British administration and that a strong hand only can keep order when a hundred thousand Chinese coolies are moved to riot.

VII

We sail, on a steamer swarming with Chinese, to Sarawak. Here the present Rajah maintains the traditions so finely established by his predecessors, his father (Sir Charles Brooke) and his great uncle (Sir James Brooke). The discovery of mineral oil in good quantity and the development of rubber plantations have of late years added greatly to the wealth of the country. Some of the larger of the many rubber plantations and almost all the smaller, as well as the valuable pepper gardens and almost all the retail and export trade, are in Chinese hands.

The Rajah's civil service comprises nearly one hundred Englishmen, who serve as district officers and preside over the various departments, such as forestry, education, and public works. The district officer is the backbone of the administration, and to him fall the most various duties, primarily those of maintaining order and administering justice in problems and disputes of every kind, domestic, agricultural, commercial and criminal.

I propose, in conclusion, merely to sketch a few days of the life of one such officer, an Englishman, hardly more than

a boy, not three years in the service. Let it be premised that in this land where three races are intimately mingled, the Malay ever ready with his jagged *kris*, the Dyak inured for centuries to blood feuds and head-hunting, and the Chinese, mostly of the coolie class, raw and undisciplined, it is still the first duty of the district officer to compell respect for human life and the law that shields it.

The first care of the district officer is that murder and violent assault shall be punished, that the penalty, though it be light, shall be sure. And the consequence is that one may wander through the towns and jungles of Sarawak with an impunity which all Americans must envy.

Our D. O. is in physique a blue-eyed, fair-haired young giant, capable of sustaining great fatigues, of tramping the jungle with the Dyak where his few Sikh police would faint by the way. He dwells alone in one of the more settled parts with a few police, Sikh, Malay and Dyak, at his command. The Sikh is necessary, because the others, in spite of amiable qualities, will accept no responsibility. Our D. O. is no specialist, no lawyer. His sole equipment for his difficult task is a good command of the Malay language (the *lingua franca* of the country), some knowledge of the customs of the people, a sympathetic understanding of human nature, energy, quick decision, an unbending rectitude and a quick sense of justice. Let us follow him through the activities of one week of strenuous duty.

Each month he must visit an outlying part of his large district. In order to reach it he must tramp for two days through the jungle, or take a launch down the river and along the coast, the latter route being practicable only during calm weather. During a recent visit of our young district officer to this outlying station the rain fell so heavily that the jungle path became impossible; and it was a season during which continued winds make the coast route by boat impossible. Thus he was cut off from his headquarters, where his presence was urgently needed for the direction and settlement of a multitude of daily arising questions. What to do?

Under such circumstances ninety-seven men in every hundred would have been content to sit down, calmly awaiting the subsidence of the flood. The excuse for inaction was perfectly adequate and would have been accepted by any official superior. But our hero is one of those who do not readily permit "the flapping of the door" to continue. Beside the two recognized routes there is a third, difficult and dangerous, but possible to a resolute and bold athlete. He calls his two Dyak attendants and sets out on an arduous tramp along the beach. All day long he marches over the soft sand under the burning sun. Several small rivers emerge from the swamps, widening at their mouths where many crocodiles and sharks disport themselves. He plunges in, holding his gun and clothes above his head, swims across each of these obstacles; and by night-fall he reaches the light-house at the mouth of the main river where he is able to phone for a launch to fetch him at dawn. Arrived at his headquarters at midday, he finds a message reporting a murder by a Dyak in another remote part of his district. He takes another Malay policeman and a native guide, leaving the tired companions of his first journey to recuperate; and sets out on foot through the jungle. At evening his guide leads him by a jungle track up the face of a mountain, so steep that in many places the foot-track is replaced by rude ladders of bamboo and rattan cane. On the summit they spend the night in a village where no white man has ever before set foot and where most of the inhabitants have never seen this strange type of being, the *orang putik*. The next day he reaches the scene of the murder and finds the murderer held by the village headman, who has reported the matter and awaits the coming of the representative of the white man's law. The murderer falls in and tramps back with the little party to the capital, where he will be tried in due course.

At the capital our hero finds awaiting him a message from his own headquarters to say that a Chinese planter has murdered a man who was paying attentions to his wife. He has shut himself in his house and, armed with a shot-gun, is keeping at a distance the native police who have gone to arrest him;

he has already wounded one of them. Our hero mounts his Harley-Davidson and roars at breakneck speed over thirty miles of rude jungle-roads, and takes command of the besieging police. They would be justified in riddling the frail house with rifle bullets, but that the murderer's wife is shut up with him in the house. What to do? Whenever the besiegers show a head the desperate man fires. A direct attack means certain death to one or more of the representatives of law. The D. O. goes down on his belly, automatic in hand, and creeps through the vegetable garden. But the besieged is too alert and too good a shot for these tactics; and the D. O. retires ignominiously, for it is his duty to avoid being shot. Then the besiegers keep drawing fire by offering targets as gingerly as may be. At last the murderer's wife shouts out that her husband's stock of cartridges is exhausted. Our D. O. takes the risk of treachery, marches in, and arrests his man. He has closed another "flapping door" and asserted the principle that homicide must not be under the white man's rule.

Not every week of our D. O. is so hectic as this one. He has his relaxations—occasional excursions after pig or snipe or pigeons, and even rare games of tennis—but always, amidst his round of routine duties, he must stand ready for just such hazardous tasks requiring decision, leadership, courage and, often also, tact and judgment. If he is to be efficient, he must lead the strenuous life; he must be strenuous and alert in a climate which makes a long chair and a whiskey soda the first desiderata of most Europeans.

The justification of Britain's rule in the East is the strenuous efficiency of her representatives. Not until the peoples of the East can fill their places with men of their own race equally honest, strenuous and efficient, can Britain's hand be withdrawn without detriment and disaster affecting hundreds of millions of mankind.

PURSUING FUGITIVE SLAVES

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10. REWARD

Ran away on the 22d of December, a dark yellow girl about 25 years of age, tall and well made; she has a mark on her cheek representing a tear falling from the eye—affected in all her ways, when laughing shews her teeth very plain; she has sundry dry goods with her, amounting to 120 or 130 dollars—She has perhaps, procured a pass, as she pretends to claim her freedom. Who ever will secure her in any Jail shall receive the above reward.

R. TERRELL.

Natchez, Dec. 31, 1823.

THE ADVERTISEMENT reproduced above is one of the first of several hundred dealing with runaway slaves that appeared from time to time in the Woodville, Mississippi, *Republican*.¹ Thousands of these can be found in other southern newspapers of early days, and from these brief statements facts of interest can be gleaned concerning fugitive slaves. Though these notices leave much untold, they have the great asset of being practically unbiased. There was no incentive to paint conditions in either bright or dull colors, for whatever was written was primarily for the eyes of slave-owners. Men interested in recovering lost property are not usually concerned with extolling or condemning that property. Thus we have dispassionate statements concerning motives for escape, clothing, punishments and other things pertaining to runaway slaves.

The logical approach to the subject of fugitive slaves is the question, what motives impelled slaves to attempt to escape? It is probable that one of the most frequent causes was the effort to rejoin severed ties of family or friendship. To illustrate; at the close of an advertisement for Isaac, a fugitive Negro, the statement occurs, "Isaac will probably go

¹ The Woodville *Republican* is the second oldest newspaper in the State of Mississippi, beginning its life in December 1823. From this date the paper was examined through the year 1848, with the exception of the file for 1834. Woodville is the county seat of Wilkinson county, which is situated in the extreme southwestern corner of Mississippi.

to the neighborhood of Woodville or Natchez, where he formerly lived." In addition to many instances of this nature, there were many cases of Negroes who ran away from professional traders in slaves or from new owners, and all these things taken together show that the breaking of home ties, coupled with an uncertain future, sent many slaves to the lost and found columns.

Weather and work were also factors that influenced slaves in leaving their homes. Most of the escapes were in the warm months, and especially in June and September did slaves run away. These were the months of heaviest work in the cotton fields. Sleeping in the woods and traveling at night are pleasanter in warm weather, and when this is also the time of hardest work the temptation to depart is difficult to resist.

Owners of slaves sometimes ventured a guess at the motive of escape. If we may assume that the majority of these were correct, many slaves were enticed away from home, sometimes by white men, and sometimes by Negroes. A reward for the thief was generally offered by the owner. Often the motive for escape was clouded with uncertainty and the owner suggested several possible causes for leaving, among which robbery was sometimes listed. This is illustrated by one rather embittered master who stated that his slaves, Freeman and Jim, had probably been seduced "by some rascally white men." He also thought it possible that they were attempting to pass as Free Negroes as "no doubt there are individuals who would not hesitate to give them free passes." The "rascally white men" were sometimes abolitionists seeking to aid the slave to freedom, and in other cases thieves who stole slaves with the object of selling them. But apostles of freedom were sometimes black as well as white. Iris, a Negro woman, left her master for the probable reason that she could not resist the persuasions of Drew, a runaway from a neighboring plantation.

In spite of the fact that the majority of slave owners were men of conscience, there were undoubtedly some who were brutal in the treatment of their slaves. And there were just as certainly some slaves who were not only intractable but

even dangerous and savage. For one or another of these reasons—and it is seldom possible to distinguish between them—slaves were sometimes severely disciplined, and at least one slave seems to have run away as a result of harsh treatment. The only clothing of Sam, the runaway, at the time of his apprehension was a woman's checked dress. The jailor, after describing Sam, made the final comment that this runaway slave had "no particular marks except that he has been lately most inhumanly whipped from his head down to his feet." Later on more will be said about physical marks of punishment and identification.

The facts just stated constitute an indictment of some slave owners. On the other hand, many slaves escaped to avoid deserved punishment for some misdeed. One Negro, Moses, attacked his overseer, another broke open a trunk and stole several hundred dollars in specie together with some clothing, and three were fugitives in an effort to escape punishment for murder. To illustrate the desperate nature of some runaways, the facts in one of these murder cases will be stated.

About sundown on an October afternoon in 1845, Mr. John Lindsey, overseer on the plantation of Mr. A. C. Dunbar, saw a strange Negro entering one of the houses in the slave quarter. The overseer stationed two Negroes at the door and entered the cabin. Not seeing the burglar, he climbed a ladder to a small garret room, saw the fugitive, and commanded him to stand still. The slave rushed Lindsey, effectively kept him from using his pistol, and stabbed him above the heart. Lindsey walked out of the house, directed the servants to pursue the fugitive, and then fell, dying in a few minutes. The newspaper stated that "the negroes on the plantation could with difficulty be restrained from burning the murderer upon the spot. This shows in what estimation they held Mr. Lindsey." Jim, the murderer, was later hung.

If a Negro of considerable intelligence escaped, he was usually suspected of trying to gain freedom, usually in a northern state. Such a fugitive was usually thought to have

a better chance to accomplish this if he was well stocked with clothes and was a light mulatto.

Many, possibly most, of the runaways left for no outstanding cause. The irksomeness of regular and compulsory work, coupled with the call of the road, created a temptation that was occasionally irresistible. In spite of almost certain capture followed by very probable punishment, running away was a regular part of the life of some slaves. Planters looked upon this custom as though it were a disease, and the market value of runaways was low.

There is no noticeable uniformity of aim among runaways in regard to the locality they were trying to reach. Many were endeavoring to return to their old homes, but usually the only purpose seems to have been to keep away from the places where they would be recognized and apprehended. The river had great attractions for a fugitive. Temporary refuge could be had among the men who made their living by cutting and supplying wood to the river steamboats. One owner, in advertising for a runaway, warned river folk in general, and "particularly wood-choppers, *who unfortunately for slave holders,*" often help and employ this class. Another planter stated that one of his slaves had been employed two months by a wood-chopper located on the bank of the Mississippi.

If a slave left home with the determination of reaching a free state, few better avenues of escape were open to him than the boats that were regularly engaged in the river trade. Many of these boats were captained by "free-state" men, and furthermore, large distances could be covered without being seen by many people. Many advertisements contain such threats as, "steamboat captains are hereby forewarned from taking him, as I will enforce the rigor of the law." The fear that a Negro was trying to ride to freedom on a steamboat was accentuated if the slave was known to be familiar with the water—for example, if he had been employed as a cook on a river boat.

One of the northern states, particularly Ohio, was the usual objective of a slave with freedom as his aim. How-

ever, there were other destinations. New Orleans, with its large number of Free Negroes, was also a cave of Adullam. For a time, in the '20's and '30's, Texas and Mexico had some attractions. There is an account of a gang regularly engaged in transporting slaves across the Sabine. Some of the Negroes were even brought from Alabama.

It sometimes happened that a fugitive would not attempt to leave the state, but would try to establish his identity as a Free Negro and remain in the South. His success in doing this usually depended on the acquisition of a freedman's pass and on avoiding being seen by anyone who might recognize him. Since the legal procurement of a pass or certificate of freedom was hedged about with conditions that a runaway could not fulfill, this legal prerequisite to freedom in the South had to be supplied by the slave in some illegal way. A literate slave might try his hand at writing one himself, as a Negro bricklayer once did, or he might persuade some acquaintance, either black or white, to do it for him. This is illustrated by a story in the Wilkinson paper that was taken from the *Bulletin*, published in Pittsburg, Mississippi.

A Mr. Rogers, of Madison county, journeyed to the neighboring town of Manchester on business, and there happened to find a fugitive slave who had recently escaped from his brother. When he apprehended the Negro, the latter showed a pass stating that he was free. The pass was in good form except for the rather glaring exception that the whole thing was printed, including the date of issue, the name and description of the Negro. It was clearly a forgery. Several months later another member of the family was riding in the cane brake near home looking for some cattle and chanced upon a pile of blankets lying on the ground. On investigation, he also found a copy of the *Mississippi Digest* and a tin box of type. In this box was the very form from which the pass had been printed that was in the possession of the Negro mentioned above. The writer in the newspaper ventured the guess that the embryonic press was run by a Negro.

The average runaway slave seems to have taken nothing with him in his venture into the broad world except the clothes on his back. Some of them were rather brightly plumaged, but not very many. The clothing of the few women who escaped was variously described as a dress, frock, or shift, and the material from which they were made was designated as linen, cotton, homespun, cambric, calico and woolen goods. There was more variation in the dress of the men. The essentials were trousers and shirt. The materials were almost as numerous in kind as the wearers. The clothing also differed in color and weave, and a full list of all the combinations would not fall far short of a hundred. There were quite a few eccentric combinations. One Negro was dressed in complete Indian costume with the exception of a linen shirt, and another was arrayed in two pairs of trousers, white underneath and black canton crêpe on top.

Other features of the dress of the men were hats, shoes, vests, and coats,—the latter in a great variety of styles. The possession of hats and shoes varied with the weather, but on the whole hats were the more necessary of the two. The general practice seems to have been to provide a pair of shoes for each Negro when the days began to grow chilly, and these he would wear till they were beyond use. But by this time warm weather had come and shoes were no longer a necessity. Several advertisements would usually make their appearance in the Woodville paper in September or October, offering large quantities of Negro shoes for sale, for example, "at the accomodating price of ten bits per pair, cash in hand, or drafts on Merchants in New Orleans payable the first of February next. If payment should be delayed to a subsequent period, fourteen bits will be required for every pair. Customers must take a proportion of the different sizes, or give a little more."

Some of the slaves were not adequately clad for the weather; in fact, of one fugitive who was apprehended in February, the jailor stated that he "had scarcely any clothing at all, but rags." Of another Negro named George the advertisement read, "He may be said to be almost naked, so much

so that I can't describe his dress." On the other hand, the worthy jailor was well insured against blushes by the super-abundant clothing of a good number of runaways. One young slave by the name of William had his six foot frame clad in two shirts, two pairs of trousers, and a coat.

Ordinarily, an unusually good supply of clothing in the possession of a fugitive signified one of two things—either the Negro had been doing a grade of work somewhat higher than that of a field hand, such as laboring as a tanner, carriage driver, or mechanic, or else the Negro's stock of clothing had been suddenly and illegally increased before departing by purloining some of the garments of his master. Consider, for example, the array of Isaac, who left his master in 1824 with the following collection of clothes and accoutrements. He wore on the advent of his departure a fur hat, an old ruffled vest, a snuff colored surtout coat, a red and white striped marseilles vest, a pair of yellow nankeen pantaloons, and a pair of new boots with brass heels. As a reserve, Isaac carried certain possessions of his master, namely, a pair of white janes pantaloons, a silk handkerchief, a French gold watch, a double barreled pistol of brass, a dirk with a red morocco scabbard (silver mounted), a pocket book containing a five and a twenty-five dollar bill on the Mississippi Bank, and \$3.37½ in cash, together with a parcel of notes, accounts and such things to the amount of four or five hundred dollars.

A fair scattering of the runaways left home on stolen horses, and a good many took purloined garments, but the large majority took nothing beyond their own clothes. Many may have taken food with them, but this is only a surmise. There was little point in describing the food in the possession of a runaway, since it would not be valuable in establishing the identity of the fugitive. It would soon be eaten and the stock replenished in devious ways. Several runaways carried firearms with them, and one, for some unknown reason, carried with him a mosquito bar. He absconded in March. Another "had also a spelling book with him, and says he can read." One dark-skinned troubadour carried with him his violin to lighten the journey, and had an audience with him

in the person of Nancy, also a fugitive, who was some ten years the senior of the fiddler.

Very little is said in this old newspaper of the life of a runaway while he was at large. It is probable that a runaway could venture into a town on certain days with very little chance of detection. At any rate, the constant repetition of laws prohibiting slaves from coming to town on Sundays, and of articles protesting against "the intolerable pest of having our streets filled up with carts and noisy and drunken negroes on the Sabbath," suggest that on Sundays and holidays a runaway might mingle with his slave brethren in town with comparatively little danger of being seized.

In their wanderings, runaway slaves sometimes traveled and camped in gangs, usually small. The fact that four or five sometimes ran away together would indicate this, and the patrol was once or twice notified of the existence of a camp of runaways at a certain spot. One such group had two horses in their possession. No group of more than six is mentioned, and the runaways usually departed alone.

The technique of apprehending and advertising fugitive slaves deserves some attention. Only twice are blood hounds mentioned in the *Republican* in the course of twenty-five years. In one of these instances a slave who had murdered his overseer, escaped. He was pursued with dogs and captured. The other mention of dogs is in the following advertisement. "A situation wanted, as overseer and manager of plantation affairs by a young man capable every way of managing the same, and who has a pack of negro dogs well trained, and is enabled thereby to keep negroes at their places." It might be remarked that this advertisement ran from December until the end of the following April, and it does not seem probable that this applicant found a position, since most overseers were employed to take charge on the first of the year.

So far as newspaper evidence is concerned, which is admittedly incomplete, fugitive slaves were usually regained by other means than by the use of dogs. Ordinarily the owner placed an advertisement in the paper describing the Negro, and

on the basis of such information the fugitive was sometimes recognized and taken into custody. On the other hand, men on patrol duty, and others, from time to time apprehended Negroes whom they found at a distance from their master's plantation unless they were in possession of a pass entitling them to be away. Several times runaways were apprehended by Negroes. For example, Jim, who had escaped from a slave trader, came to Colonel Wade Hampton's Negroes where they were camped not far from the Louisiana line. A Negro driver was in charge of this camp of slaves, and this servant had Jim confined and brought to jail.

In one case, the attempt to apprehend several runaways ended in a tragedy.

Information. On Monday night last, the patrol of this beat received information that there was a gang of runaway negroes encamped about five miles from the village of Pinckneyville. They immediately went in search of them, and in attempting to secure them, one negro fellow was shot and mortally wounded—he stated that his name was *John Williams*, and that he belonged to a Mr. Cormic, or Comic, who lives with a Mr. Williams, residing about fifty miles above New Orleans. The negro is since dead—he is supposed to have been 25 or 28 years old; 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high; spoke the French and English languages, and had a scar on his shoulder, supposed to have been made by a gun shot wound.

Although the detection of a runaway slave was in most cases followed by commitment to jail, in a few cases the slave remained in private hands. In one case, for example, there was no jail in the county, and in another case it was stated that the slave was too sick to be sent to jail. This slave, by the way, had been stolen near Nashville, Tennessee, brought to Natchez on a flat boat, and was there left to shift for himself, presumably because his sickness made him a burden to his new and dishonest owner.

One noticeable feature of the advertisements concerning fugitive Negroes was the rather easy-going attitude of the owner toward the escape of his slaves. Often the slave was at large several months before an advertisement was placed in the newspaper, and the reward for the return of the Negro was also comparatively low. Usually, fifteen or twenty dollars would be offered for the capture of the fugitive and

return to the owner. The owner ordinarily offered less if he had to go or send for the Negro, and the reward was greater if the slave was captured a long distance from home; for example, in a distant state. The reward was also greater if the slave was thought to be well equipped to make a successful attempt to gain his freedom, or if the escape of the slave was complicated by theft or murder. In such cases the rewards were sometimes several hundred dollars. But on the whole, the impression one gets from reading a large number of these advertisements is that the planter felt that the escape of a slave was a matter of temporary annoyance and that in most cases the Negro would turn up again.

Advertisements for runaways that appeared in the Woodville *Republican* were usually decorated by a small cut of a slave in the process of absconding. The paper possessed six cuts, three of men and three of women, that were used with great punctilio in practically all announcements concerning runaway slaves. Since many more men escaped than women, the paper soon had to add several new cuts. These were all alike, and represented a rather portly and prosperous slave executing a dignified departure.

In the advertisements which were placed in the paper by either the loser or finder of the slave, the essential consideration was to give such information as would lead to the return of the Negro to his owner. In practically all cases there was a description of the slave's clothes, height, build, age and the name of the master. In regard to the latter point, the captured slave rather often gave the name of some other person than his owner. The jailor was required by law to write at once to the owner named by the slave, and if the fate of the letter indicated that the slave had given false information, it was the jailor's duty to flog him and write to another person named as a result of this punishment. Floggings and letters were to alternate until the master was found, or until six months elapsed and the slave was sold at public auction.

In addition to the items which, as has just been stated, were given in almost all advertisements concerning runaways, it was usual to add any further distinguishing facts of use in

identifying the fugitive. Most of the peculiarities can be grouped under the heads of general appearance, scars, iron rings attached to the body of the slave, peculiarities and mannerisms in talking, and the ability to speak any other language than English. It will be well to illustrate a few of these points. The youngest recorded runaway was fourteen years old, and as a distinguishing trait it was said that he appeared to be easily frightened. If the slave was unusually handsome or "remarkably ugly" the fact was apt to be stated, and of one runaway it was said that he had "remarkable large blue eyes." One of the fugitives tried to avoid capture by telling that he was "an Indian of the Cherokee tribe—going to the Alabam," but the jailor emphasized the fact that he was a Negro by stating that he was "a Sambo negro."

Many of the fugitives were identified by scars of one sort or another. Many of these were the results of accidents, but some were inflicted by a previous owner. Eleven of the runaways advertised in the paper had been branded, usually on the forehead, cheeks or breast. Forty-one carried scars of whippings, some of them severe, and apparently most of them permanent marks. One Negro marked in this way claimed that his scars were "caused from a severe whipping with a cow skin, at the time of the South Hampton insurrection."

One of the runaways had an iron collar about his neck, and six of them had iron bands about their legs. These iron bands were sometimes inscribed with the initials of the owner, and in two cases chains were attached to the bands. It is noticeable, in connection with these bodily marks of servitude, that the majority of slaves bearing them were not owned in Mississippi, and very few were of Wilkinson county.

Peculiarities in speech furnished another clue to the identity of a runaway. Of Eliza Ann it was said that she talked politely and freely, and often used the word "well." Tom was described as a handsome Negro, a "great talker and loud, with a little mouth." Another slave's ability to talk was somewhat the opposite of those just described because he stuttered, and it was said that he "stomps on the ground when the word is hard to get out." Three of the Negroes were

described as Africans, the term being used to designate the land of their birth and not simply their race. This conclusion seems to have been reached by the way the Negro talked, for of one it was said, he is "an African, or speaks much like one." A few of the Negroes, particularly those from Louisiana plantations, were characterized as able to speak French as well as English, and one slave was able to speak Spanish also.

A superficial examination of the Woodville *Republican* would lead to the opinion that there were more runaways than in reality there were. Sometimes an advertisement for one slave appeared for thirty consecutive weeks. The files for this paper were examined for a period of twenty-five years. During this time, 165 Negroes were advertised by their owners as having run away, and 385 were advertised by the sheriff as having been apprehended and in jail waiting to be claimed. There were therefore about twenty-two fugitives a year who were advertised. However, two points should be kept in mind in this connection. In the first place, there were doubtless many fugitives whose names never appeared in the papers. And in the second place, there were doubtless some whose names did appear in the Woodville paper who never were in the neighborhood of Woodville. The reason for this lies in the fact that when a slave escaped, the master sometimes placed an advertisement in several papers in neighboring towns, while in reality the slave might never reach any of them.

One interesting development in the procedure of tracing runaways was a "Runaway Register" which the Woodville paper prepared in connection with the Concordia, Louisiana, *Intelligencer*, and published each week. In this could be found the name and a brief description of all slaves in jail within the states of Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Illinois. The first publication of this Register, in 1848, reported a total of forty-four slaves in the jails of these states.

The fugitive life of slaves had several possible ends. The large majority were ultimately returned to their legal owners. A few of the runaways were successful in making their es-

cape and acquiring their freedom, but the paper gives no clue to the number of these. One fugitive, as has been stated already, was killed while attempting to escape. The fourth possible end of a runaway was to be sold to a new owner at the end of his jail term of six months. The fact that a good many of them gave the name of fictitious owners creates a presumption that some of the fugitives felt that any change of masters was to be preferred to returning to the old owner.

TIMES MAY CHANGE BUT DOES *THE NEW YORK TIMES*?

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HISTORY may or may not repeat itself, but certain newspapers during the course of two generations have undoubtedly done so; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the traditions of some journals do periodically reassert themselves. Today a careful reader of *The New York Times* might at first feel lost if he would pick up by chance a musty issue of that paper of sixty years ago. But if he would use his historical imagination, he would soon discover that *The Times* of the late 1860's occupied a place in American journalism not at all dissimilar to that which it holds today. Its conservatism, its able editing, its excellent foreign service, its superior literary criticism, its eminent respectability were characteristics of that sheet two generations ago as well as today. However there are two striking points of contrast. First is the difference in make-up between a finely printed eight-page sheet with one column headlines and little spectacular advertising and a clearly printed fifty to one hundred and fifty-page sheet with a variety of special Sunday features and with quantities of illustrated advertising. Second is the contrast between Henry Raymond as controlling editor in the late sixties and Adolph Ochs as the present controlling publisher. Doubtless hundreds of thousands of *The Times'* subscribers today have no idea who directs the editorial policy of their newspaper, and yet probably there was no regular subscriber in 1865 who could not have answered such a question. For while the 1860's saw the closing of the era of personal journalism, yet as long as a Bennett, a Greeley, a Bryant, or a Raymond stayed in the arena, no one could fail to identify these powerful magnates of journalism with the papers they edited. The close relationship which these men often had with their employees and the manner in which these editors' personal qualities and views were reflected in the

columns of their papers, caused the public to speak correctly of Bennett's *Herald*, Greeley's *Tribune*, and Raymond's *Times*.

However *The Times* of two generations ago was less subject to the excesses of personal journalism than any of the large New York dailies. Raymond's personality was less obtrusive, his editing less partisan, his newspaper manners more correct, his desire for uncolored news more intense, than that of his journalistic competitors. It was these aspects of *The Times* which made it less like its contemporaries and gave it more in common with the newspapers of the twentieth century. Even in 1869 E. L. Godkin, the founder and editor of *The Nation*, sensed this when he said:

The Times under Raymond's management probably came nearer the newspaper of the good time coming than any other in existence; in this, that it encouraged truthfulness—the reproduction of facts, uncolored by the necessities of 'a cause' or by the editor's personal feelings—among reporters; that it carried decency, temperance, and moderation into discussion, and banished personality from it; and thus not only supplied the only means by which rational beings can get at the truth, but helped to abate the greatest nuisance of the age, the coarseness, violence, calumny, which does so much to drive sensible men out of public life and keep them from entering it.¹

When Raymond's unsuccessful efforts to combine the rôle of politician and journalist ceased in the fall of 1866, *The Times* began to emerge from its temporary eclipse. The paper had been established with the idea of creating an anti-slavery Whig sheet which would print the news and yet be less sensational than *The Herald*, less dogmatic and erratic than the *Tribune*, less partisan than *The World*. While *The Times*' motto, "All the news that's fit to print," was not adopted until 1896, still the principle was entirely subscribed to by its first editor. He maintained that a journal should interpret rather than merely reflect popular sentiment; that the province of the editor was not that of a reformer but rather that of a leader; "that the Press as a representative power should conserve all the best elements in society . . . refusing to no reform a fair hearing, should reject the Radi-

¹ *The Nation*, VIII, p. 490.

cal plans to uproot all that men hold dear." Such sentiments would scarcely be foreign to that paper's editorial columns today. This brilliant, versatile, but tactful and decorous editor lamented the lack of manners on the part of journalists and in an editorial that has become almost a classic on newspaper etiquette, he remonstrated with Greeley:

We see no reason why the language of a newspaper should be very different from the language of decent society, from the language used by gentlemen in their daily intercourse. . . . He [Greely] would not feel called upon to say, in every society, everything he thought true about everybody present, nor would he quite relish the frankness and candor of everyone who should apply to him . . . every epithet which he might deserve. Why should we assert, or act, upon a different theory of manners and decorum in the editorial conduct of a newspaper?²

In 1869 the meticulous Henry Adams thought *The Times* the only New York daily of whose editorial staff he would care to be a member. To one who has carefully read the New York dailies from 1865 to 1869, such an opinion as that of Adams' is not surprising. *The Herald*, although brilliant and alert in news-getting, was also sensational. *The Tribune*, though able, was too full of missionary zeal and righteous assurance. *The Sun* was sprightly but was tainted with plebeianism—Dana was just beginning its transformation. *The Post* was entirely circumspect, but its following was too small to make it a successful competitor with the larger dailies. *The World* was clever and aristocratic, but it smacked of superciliousness and insincerity—the Pulitzer régime had yet to touch it with its magic wand. In contrast *The Times* was alert enough to be competent, conservative and unsensational enough to be highly respectable, and astute enough not to be dull. Is it, therefore, to be wondered that this sheet charmed those of old Gotham's intelligentsia who were not sufficiently high-brow to enjoy the dictatorship of *The Nation*?

While the foreign news service of *The Times* was not as extensive as that of *The Herald*, and while its editorial and news space given over to foreign topics did not equal the *Tribune's*, still its discussion of foreign affairs was the ablest

²*The New York Times*, April 15, 1868.

that New York journalism afforded. On these matters it was more likely to see fairly and to speak with discrimination and intelligence than any other New York paper. If a Pulitzer prize for the best editorial on foreign topics had been in vogue in 1868, doubtless it would have been awarded to Raymond's journal for its shrewd and brilliant editorial on Gladstone and Disraeli:

"What Gladstone lacked in creative power," it said in part, "his favorable position, his industry and his farseeing sagacity supplied. Disraeli, greater in genius than Gladstone, has struggled against tremendous odds . . . but he is the greater partisan gladiator. . . . Gladstone rests upon his conviction. Disraeli depends upon his conscious power. Gladstone, in the face of defeat, retires. Disraeli never abandons the field till he has exhausted every possible resource at his command and searched every weak spot in the armor of the foe. Disraeli is a great tactician; Gladstone is a master of strategy. Disraeli marshals all his forces to the best advantage upon the specific battle field; Gladstone adopts a wider field for his movements; he marches his battalions over vast spaces, and if for the moment they may appear disjointed and out of supporting distance, he knows they will at length concentrate on a common goal, that they are controlled by a single movement . . . the movement of nature and progress."³

In domestic matters *The Times* proved to be a poor political guesser but always a sane, discreet, conservative political adviser. It supported Andrew Johnson's conservative reconstruction program until after his policy was repudiated in the Congressional elections of 1866. But even when the press of the country was denouncing the Chief Executive in the bitterest terms, *The Times* did not lose its head and join in, nor did it ever surrender to the doctrines of the Congressional Radicals. It always preserved an independence of judgment in political affairs which was as refreshing as it was unusual in those days of bitterest partisanship. This conservative and temperate attitude manifested toward reconstruction and toward the policies of the Congressional radicals has been again characteristic of the journal in its treatment of the League of Nations issue, the Ku Klux Klan menace, and the "progressiveism" of our present day so-called radicals. However, it was arraigned unquestionably against

³ *The New York Times*, July 1, 1868.

the "Left Wing" of society in the 1860's as it was in 1919 when, for example, it declared that Victor Berger was not entitled to his Congressional seat because, it alleged, he was disloyal during the World War.

Raymond's paper led the attack on the elective judiciary which, it said, "defeats all the ends of justice." It was as outspoken after the Civil War as it was after the World War in its denunciation of those who would set aside the constitution and assume that the country's ideas of "public safety" were the only fundamental law. How similar to the recently suggested Borah constitutional amendment with regard to the Supreme Court was the Congressional Bill of 1868 which proposed that the Supreme Court should declare no act of Congress unconstitutional except by two-thirds vote; in both instances *The Times* voiced its unqualified disapproval often. With reference to labor, it held very decided opinions in the late 1860's. It believed the eight hour day to be absurdly short and it regarded as ridiculously high the \$4.50 wage which shipyard employees received for a ten hour day. Its characteristic attitude on the respective rights of labor and capital was well put forth in its editorial entitled, "How to Strike—Don't Strike at all." It said in part:

"Don't join combinations to force wages. They always fail. . . . Possibly capital may sometimes be oppressive; it may reduce the wages of a thousand men by twenty cents a day; but if their labor is worth the larger price, they will speedily restore the equilibrium without a strike; if it is not worth it, all the strikes in the world will not make it so. . . . We yield to no man in our support of the just claims of the laboring men. But we insist that there shall be reason in their demands; that they shall show just cause for 'strikes' (yet, by the way, there can be *no* cause for a strike)."⁴

Exactly fifty-three years later we note opinions which are not so startlingly different, namely: "only the labor unions can injure labor unionism;" "capital is constantly giving it [society] more and taking less for itself. . . ."

On no theme did this very respectable but conservative sheet better demonstrate its devotion to conventionalism and

⁴ *Ibid.*, May 4, 1866.

to mid-victorian ideals than in its dealing with women, their economic outlook, their political status, their conduct and fashions. On this subject, it was more hidebound than any of its competitors. The editor spoke regretfully of the increasing rudeness of men in failing to offer their seats to women in street-cars. After maintaining that the proper condition of women everywhere was dependence upon somebody for support, he did admit that women from necessity sometimes had to support themselves, but insisted that they should never demand equal payment. He concluded: "They can never count on being employed as a matter of *right*; they must make it a matter of *interest* for others to employ them."⁶ *The Times* had no patience with the agitation for woman suffrage. Its view-point was perfectly expressed in its editorial question: "Has not government within its proper sphere more need of the stroke of men's justice than the caress of women's mercy?"⁷ In commenting on the speech of a feminist who was attempting to prove the equality of the feminine and masculine minds, Raymond's journal said: "Fancy an exam hall in which 'sweet girl undergraduates' with golden hair were sitting side by side with goodlooking stalwart young fellows, heroes of the cricket-field and the river, as well as men who were glowing translators of Lockesley Hall into Latin hexameters."⁸ *The Times* strongly disapproved of women wearing the bloomer costume which it insisted was "simply an imitation, an endeavor to ape the dress of man, and the wearers generally followed out the idea by cutting their hair short and looking as ugly as possible."⁹ It was also simply horrified at the possibility of women riding astride on velocipedes. Politics had given an impetus to fashion in that men had become so frightened at their wives aspiring to vote, that they indulged them at the dress-makers, the jewellers, and the milliners. The new feminine fashion of wearing a suit was praised as a decided improvement on "that dreadful conglomeration of blue dress, green

⁶ *Ibid.*, Feb. 18, 1869.

⁷ *Ibid.*, July 23, 1867.

⁸ *Ibid.*, Sept. 11, 1868.

⁹ *Ibid.*, March 21, 1867.

shawl, purple bonnet and yellow gloves, which used to flourish around every corner."⁹

In these days of flood devastated areas, it is interesting to note that *The Times* sixty years ago argued intelligently for the planting of forest trees on the great western plains. It warmly but less practically pushed the idea of our using camels in our western states as an aid to the traffic of a continental railroad. Raymond's sheet took no radical stand on any of the humanitarian movements of the day. It thought the best way to check intemperance was to encourage the production of grape-growing and the manufacture of light and cheap wines. Does that not have a twentieth-century ring? But in the sixties and early seventies, and again two generations later, it was in this sheet's unwavering opposition to the Spoils System and in its consistent though not sensational effort to correct the abuses of New York City, that *The Times* made one of its chief contributions. It decried the city's "pestilential streets" which were so-called because of their filth. New York's death ratio, which was 1 to 35, and which was greater than that of any other American or west-European city, was attributed to these conditions. Lower prices, especially for milk which it thought should be reduced from ten to six cents a quart, were demanded. Objection was made to the excessive house rents and the exorbitant hackmen's rates. It was bitter in its condemnation of the "villainous custom" of driving cattle through the downtown streets in the daytime; it thought this should be permitted only at nights. Protest was made against the introduction of marble floors in local restaurants since such were "uncomfortable, disagreeable and likely to induce rheumatism, chills, colds, and other graveyard affections." While *The Times* believed America needed to be taught to play, it gave little space to sports and regarded prize-fighting as the most unmanly of pretended sports.

It is all very well to prate of the 'manly art of self-defense,' but what has that to do with such revolting brutality. . . . Two men pound each other to a jelly, to the hue and consistency of beef liver, and the blasphem-

⁹ *Ibid.*

mous brutes looking on, with horrid curses and loathesome jests, cry out, 'Kill him this time! Kill him for his sister! Bless him for his mother!' or exude tenfold viler ribaldry. . . . This is the manly art. What, then, is brutality?¹⁰

But advancing years have softened the "corporate conscience" of this great paper on the sport of the boxing ring just as they have modified its viewpoint on feminism. However, we see that fifty-nine years after this diatribe against the "many art of self defense," the Dempsey-Tunney match caused the journal to seriously question whether the prize-ring was "the crowning glory of our civilization."

In conclusion, it might be observed that *The Times* in the late sixties made its chief appeal to the wealthy New York business men and also to those, not financially prosperous, but who were nevertheless allied with the first mentioned class by their inherent support of conservative policies and conventional ideas. The journal's capitalistic tone—to use the modern phrase—its devotion to the interests of property and to the sound currency argument, its somewhat chivalrous but mid-victorian attitude toward women, its intelligent support of the arts and usual moderation on questions of reform and politics, together with the absence of crude, sordid or unique ideas in its editorials were all qualities which endeared it to these groups of New Yorkers. While *The Times* professed to reflect rather than to create public opinion, it actually attempted to lead public sentiment. Its chief success in this field then, and perhaps now also, was less in directing thought along new channels than in articulating lucidly and ably the preconceived beliefs of its special clientele. In the agitation for local reforms *The Times* in 1867 lacked the missionary zeal of the *Tribune*, just as in 1927 it lacks the crusading urge of *The World*. Still, in its continuous and moderate agitation for local reforms one found a conviction and sincerity that was to some more convincing than an occasional ferocious onslaught of Greeley or a satirical attack of *The New Republic*. Two generations ago its literary style as well as its discussion of artistic and literary matters appealed to

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, June 15, 1867.

those who disapproved of the more caustic comment of its chief rivals and also to those who felt *The Nation* a little too intellectual and unconventional. Is its status in this respect so different today?

Then, too, *The Times* was and is wanting in a certain zest, dash and originality, because it has always possessed that moderation in viewpoint which made and makes it so safe a paper in which to follow the daily news. The comparative freedom from editorial combats and vituperative language enhanced its dignity but not its interest to the common man. It is not difficult to conjecture the reaction of the paper on various issues because of its sane if conservative judgment and its willingness usually to look at both sides of the question. Perhaps it could not be dubbed so flamboyantly "One hundred per cent American" as some of its contemporaries, but it was more often accurate and discriminating in its decisions. As public opinion has become educated on woman suffrage, the bloomer costume, sanitation, impeachment of Andrew Johnson and so on, so too, *The Times'* editorial page has undergone some modifications which were necessary if it were to continue to lead or even to reflect the popular thinking. There has been at least one doughty newspaper man, Horace Greeley, who was a firm believer in, although not a consistent practiser of, the doctrine that the keystone to journalistic greatness is consistency. If the contention be one of merit, surely *The Chicago Tribune* must yield to *The New York Times* its slogan, "The World's Greatest Newspaper." For it seems doubtful, indeed, if in the annals of American journalism, there has been another great metropolitan daily which for seventy-five years has shown such fidelity to the tenets and general ideals of its founders as has that New York newspaper founded in 1851 by George Jones and Henry Raymond.

HORACE WALPOLE AS DRAMATIST

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THE VARIED career of Horace Walpole is perhaps the greatest example English literature affords of what a man can do who is so fortunate as not to be obliged to have a definite aim in life. A dilettante primarily, he combined the rôles of politician, man of the world, literary amateur, art collector, spiteful gossip, archeologist, architect, and patron of art and letters. But dilettante virtuosity dominates everything the Earl of Orford attempted. Like Congreve, he affected even a contempt for authorship¹ as being incompatible with the high social state of a gentleman, and sure that he had once possessed some talents, he himself seems to have been most aware of his own trifling. "My pursuits," he wrote in his letters,

have always been light and trifling and tended to nothing but my casual amusement; I will not say, without a little vain ambition of showing some parts; but never with industry sufficient to make me apply to anything solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions, were alike desultory.²

Pray, my dear child, don't compliment me any more upon my learning; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I? I, who have always lived in the big busy world; who lie abed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please; who sup in company; who have played at pharaoh half my life, and now at loo till two or three in the morning; who have always loved pleasure; haunted auctions —in short, who don't know so much astronomy as would carry me to Knightsbridge, nor more physic than a physician, nor in short anything that is called science. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with. How I have laughed when some of the magazines have called me the *learned gentleman*.³

¹ See especially his letter to Lady Ossory, Sept., 1770 (*Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. Mrs. Paget Toynbee, VII, 404-5), and compare the letters to the Rev. H. Zouch, May 14, 1759 (IV, 263); to George Montague, Oct. 24, 1758 (IV, 210); to Mason, May 15, 1773 (VIII, 279).

² To John Pinkerton, Aug. 19, 1789 (XIV, 192). Cf. to Hannah More, July 12, 1788 (XIV, 567).

³ To Horace Mann, Feb. 6, 1760 (IV, 354-5); compare the letters to Mason, May 15, 1773 (VIII, 279); to Cole, Apr. 25, 1775 (IX, 190); to the Countess of

To be sure, the gentleman doth protest too much; but because his achievements so thoroughly illustrated the truth of his statements, for too long we have passed Horace Walpole with the shrug due the literary snob and have not allowed him to meet his due in literature. We have recognized him as an admirable letter writer in an age of clever letter writers; we sometimes take him seriously as a critic; we certainly concede him an historic interest and mention him as the originator of one characteristic aspect of romantic literature, the gothic novel. But it is of Walpole the letter writer or romancer that we think when his name is mentioned. We forget the work which he wrought most seriously, his unacted drama, *The Mysterious Mother*. Lord Byron alone of his near contemporaries appreciated the power of the play. In the preface to *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*, he wrote:

It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and, secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of his incomparable "Letters", and of the "Castle of Otranto", he is the "Ultimus Romanorum", the author of the "Mysterious Mother", a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may.⁴

This is extravagant praise, even from Byron, and it suggests a new aspect of the Eighteenth Century wit. *The Mysterious Mother* was Walpole's only excursion into the type of writing for which, as I hope to show, his talent was best adapted, and which most truly reveals his abilities as an author. It is upon Horace Walpole the dramatist that I wish to concentrate attention, though it shall not be the purpose of my paper, like Byron's preface, to hail him as a great romantic playwright. It will be my aim, by taking advantage of what

Upper Ossory, July 9, 1785 (XIII, 292); to Cole, Apr. 27, 1773 (VIII, 268); to the Countess of Ossory, Oct. 11, 1788 (XIV, 87). Another letter, dated June 1778, is printed in Disraeli, *Calamities and Quarrels of Authors*, 47.

⁴ Sir Walter Scott also praised it: "Essay on Drama," *The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, Boston, 1829, VI, 281-2, and *Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Novelists and other Distinguished Persons*, Edinburgh, 1834, I, 311, 321. So did Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, London, 1814, VIII, 526.

seems to be a revival of interest in him,⁵ merely to point out by allusion to the *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Mysterious Mother* that Walpole's talent was, as he himself recognized, a talent for drama,⁶ and by allusion to some contemporary plays, to show that Walpole possessed certain qualities which the drama of the time needed. To do this, it will be necessary to re-examine very briefly the romanticism of Horace Walpole to see of what it chiefly consisted, to note the essentially dramatic structure of *The Castle of Otranto*, and then by a study of *The Mysterious Mother* to observe how those qualities which made *The Castle of Otranto* romantic are used in drama.

It is generally conceded that the fantastic architectural experiments at Strawberry Hill stand as a symbolic manifestation of the spirit which for so long a time had dominated the artistic and intellectual life of Horace Walpole.⁷ That spirit was gothic. Walpole loved "to gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass." But to neither Walpole nor his contemporaries had gothic a definite meaning. It related merely to things old;⁸ his pleasure in it was largely temperamental or fostered by his travel and education. He had no real knowledge to weave into an intelligent whole the bits of information about ancient monuments he picked up here and there or the impressions made upon his susceptible imagination by the sense

⁵ Witness the recent limited edition of the *Castle of Otranto* and *The Mysterious Mother*, edited by Montague Summers, Constable, 1924; the new collection of his letters, *A Selection of the Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by W. S. Lewis, Harpers', 1926; the biographical and critical studies of Gamaliel Bradford, *Bared Souls*, 1924; Paul Yvon, *La Vie d'un Dilettante Horace Walpole (1717-1797)* *Essai de Biographie Psychologique et Litteraire*, Paris, 1924 and *Horace Walpole as Poet*, Paris, 1924; and Dorothy Margaret Stuart, *Horace Walpole*, (English men of Letters), 1927; as well as *The Journal of the Printing Office at Strawberry Hill*, Constable, 1923; and *Strawberry Hill Accounts*, Oxford, 1927, both edited by Paget Toynbee.

⁶ He confesses to it in a letter to Jephson, Feb. 1775 (Suppl. I, 248).

⁷ Yvon, *La Vie d'un Dilettante Horace Walpole . . .*, Paris, 1924, 488.

⁸ On the word "gothic" see A. E. Longueuil, "The word 'Gothic' in Eighteenth Century Criticism," *MLN*, XXXVIII, 453-60. The author makes the point here (p. 457) that to Walpole as to Hurd "gothic" equals "medieval," and that *Otranto* is a gothic story simply because it is medieval. In general principle this is true, but as a matter of fact, "gothic" to both meant anything old—anything earlier than the Restoration. When Hurd (*Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, III) sought for suggestive gothic examples, he went no further than the age of Elizabeth, to the jousts ad tournoies, "the barbarous and Gothic chivalry," at Kenilworth.

of mystery and solemnity and agreeable fear that hang about the ruins of abbeys and churches. As Macaulay says:

He had a strange ingenuity peculiarly his own, an ingenuity which appeared in all that he did, in his building, in his gardening, in his upholstery, in the matter and in the manner of his writing. If we were to adopt the classification, not a very accurate classification, which Aken-side has given of the pleasures of the imagination, we should say, that with the Sublime and the Beautiful Walpole had nothing to do, but that the third province, the Odd, was his peculiar domain.⁹

Bits of medieval decoration, such as stained glass, traceries, tombs and towers, spires and turrets, had a vivid attraction for him, and inspired him with picturesque speculations about monastic and heroic ages,¹⁰ and he expressed his real if superficial admiration for them with the enthusiasm of an impressionable American tourist.¹¹ Hence his mansion at Strawberry Hill offended not from lack of enthusiasm, but from lack of science. Although the details of ceilings, screens, and niches, so dear to his heart, were all copied from existing examples, Walpole had adopted them without regard to the original purpose of the design. These were gothic bits that pleased him, that is all that mattered, and he arranged them to satisfy the romantic cast of his own imagination. "He would have turned an altar-slab into a hall-table, or made a cupboard of a piscina, with the greatest complacency if it only served his purpose."¹² Prince Arthur's tomb at Worcester furnished the design for the wall paper of his hall and staircase. The ceiling of his gallery borrowed its design from Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey, one side of the room was designed after Archbishop Bourchier's tomb at Canterbury, the door to the apartment after the north door of St. Albans. The pattern for the piers of his garden gate he found on Bishop Luda's tomb in the choir of Ely Cathedral; and when he needed a chimney piece for the north bed chamber, he adopted the form of Bishop Dudley's tomb in Westminster Abbey. Walpole's gothic taste and sentiment were

⁹ *Critical and Historical Essays*, Cambridge Edition, II, 203.

¹⁰ See Letter to Cole, May 22, 1777 (X, 53).

¹¹ *Letters*, III, 181.

¹² Eastlake, *History of the Gothic Revival*, 47.

never clarified and were never a reasoned scientific appreciation.

With his pleasure in these old things and the desire to be thought learned in them, came also in Walpole the desire to patronize something. Fantastic as Strawberry Hill was, no one knew any more about such matters than Walpole. The building set a fashion, and the experiment is important because it awoke a taste for the middle age and led to a study and appreciation of its architecture, its manners, its art, and its literature.

Strawberry Hill is symbolic of everything pertaining to Walpole. Just as that villa was an odd blend of ecclesiastical and castellated Gothic applied to domestic uses because of the medieval predilections of Walpole, so his writing approached the absurd because of his eccentricity and extravagance. To his love for old things Walpole joined a taste for the strange, the horrible, or at least the fantastic. He had an extraordinary interest in persons like Richard III whom legend presented as monstrous of body or spirit, and he had the faculty of appreciating sombre or frightening pictures, like those of Salvator Rosa. *The Castle of Otranto* is a product of this gothic fancy. It is begotten of Strawberry Hill, and the castle, more than any character, dominates the story.

It is not necessary to sketch the plot of this epoch-making book. Today we find it as impossible to take the romance seriously as it is to take Strawberry Hill seriously, and for much the same reason. It is an extravagant hodge-podge that would have deceived no one who knew the old romances into believing it written by an old Italian monk. Clara Reeve was right in declaring the machinery too violent. The sword that requires a hundred men to lift, the casque that by its own weight forces through a vaulted arch a passage big enough for a man to crawl through, the gauntlet upon the banister of the great staircase, the mailed foot in one apartment, a picture that walks from its frame, the skeleton ghost with a hermit's cowl and a hollow voice, the statue that bleeds at the nose, and above all "the form of Alfonso, dilated to an immense

magnitude," ascending into heaven with a clap of thunder and being received by St. Nicholas—these things, surely, picturesque as they may be, "destroy the work of the imagination, and instead of attention, excite laughter."¹³

The Castle of Otranto sins for the same reason that Strawberry Hill sins—the medievalism is too thin. The book is not historical, the descriptions are incorrect and poor in detail, and the manners and sentiments and language are modern. The importance of the novel lies in its attempt to do something new—to make use of a gothic setting. And just as the architecture of Strawberry Hill led to an interest in gothic and a study of it, only to be laughed at when knowledge increased, so *The Castle of Otranto* set the fashion for medieval setting, which was gradually refined until it produced the novels of Scott.

But this much about the romance is significant to our study of Walpole as dramatist—it was built like a drama,¹⁴ and it was easily turned by Jephson into a good play, *The Count of Narbonne*.¹⁵ "The plan of *The Castle of Otranto* was regularly a drama," wrote Bishop Warburton with no little acumen in his notes to Pope's *Works*. "An intention," adds Walpole, "I do not pretend to have conceived; nor, indeed, can I venture to affirm that I had any intention at all but to amuse myself—no not even a plan, till some pages were written."¹⁶ In spite of the contradiction involved, it would seem that Walpole recognized the truth of the bishop's criticism. In the preface

¹³ Clara Reeve, *The Old English Baron*, "Address to the Reader." The comment seems to have nettled Walpole somewhat. See the letter to Cole, Aug. 22, 1778 (X, 302). It is not difficult to account for the success of the book in Walpole's immediate circle. When Gray writes acknowledging receipt of his copy (December 30, 1764, just six days after the first private printing, *Letters of Gray*, ed. Tovey, III, 55) that it "makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights," he is very possibly only trying to please his friend and is not to be taken seriously.

¹⁴ The division into five chapters, which suggest acts, offers some entertaining speculation. Each with the exception of the second, and here there is only a slight overlapping with the third chapter, accomplishes approximately what the corresponding act of a five-act drama would accomplish, and the chapters are further easily divided into scenes.

¹⁵ 1779-80. Jephson accomplished his purpose by eliminating the miraculous casque entirely, generally toning down the supernatural element, and concentrating upon two characters.

¹⁶ Letter to Robert Jephson, Jan. 27, 1780 (XI, 112).

to the first edition of the novel, attributing the work to an ancient Italian, he had written:

Every thing tends directly to the catastrophe. Never is the reader's attention relaxed. The rules of the drama are almost observed throughout the conduct of the piece. The characters are well-drawn, and still better maintained. Terror, the author's principal engine, prevents the story from ever languishing: and it is so often contrasted by pity, that the mind is kept up to a constant vicissitude of interesting passions. . . . It is a pity that he did not apply his talents to what they were evidently proper for, the theatre.

The Mysterious Mother, like the novel and like Strawberry Hill, was the outgrowth of Walpole's eccentricity of taste and fondness for medieval lore. But it is more serious in general conception. The drama, less than the other experiments, reveals his romanticism as a veneer. Like *The Castle of Otranto* and *Strawberry Hill*, it shows his interest in the unusual and the gothic, but because of the skill with which he employed them the play deserves more serious attention than the novel or the mansion. The theme of *The Mysterious Mother* must have appealed to Walpole because of its very oddity. Walpole tells us he derived the story from an anecdote he once heard concerning John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1691-94:

I had heard when very young, that a gentlewoman, under uncommon agonies of mind, had waited on Archbishop Tillotson, and besought his counsel. A damsel that had served her, had many years before, acquainted her that she was importuned by the gentlewoman's son to grant him a private meeting. The mother ordered the maiden to make the assignation, when she said she would discover herself, and reprimand him for his criminal passion; but, being hurried away by a much more criminal passion herself, she kept the assignation without discovering herself. The fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the gentlewoman caused to be educated very privately in the country; but proving very lovely, and being accidentally met by her father-brother, who never had the slightest suspicion of the truth, he had fallen in love with, and actually married her. The wretched guilty mother learning what had happened, and distrusted with the consequence of her crime, had now resorted to the archbishop to know in what manner she should act. The prelate charged her never to let her son and daughter know what had passed, as they were innocent of any criminal intention. For herself, he bade her almost despair.¹⁷

¹⁷ Postscript, Dublin edition, 1791.

The drama, then, has an incest theme and follows in almost every detail the story outlined. The Count of Narbonne, sixteen years before the opening of the play, had been accidentally killed. On the night of his death, September 20, his son, Edmund, then a youth, had crept into the chamber of his mother's woman, Beatrice, who had previously acquainted the Countess with Edmund's passion and learned her determination to reprimand her son. As a consequence, Edmund has been banished the castle, his mother's anger unreasonably hot against him, while the Countess spends her days in prayer and penance for sins she will not even confess. As the play opens Edmund returns, falls in love with a young girl, Adeliza, a charge of the Countess, and marries her, not knowing that she is his own daughter. In the last scene the Countess discloses what has happened, and stabs herself. Adeliza faints, and Edmund goes off to the wars to find an honorable death.

Literature, of course, from the time of the Oedipus story to Walpole's own day, had furnished many examples of the incest theme,¹⁸ and the Tillotson version itself has a decided literary flavor. It is very similar in detail to Novel XXX of Margaret of Navarre's *Heptameron*,¹⁹ a tale which is almost precisely paralleled by Bandello,²⁰ and hence probably based upon some current tradition. The parallel with the *Heptameron* was pointed out to Walpole by his friend Chute, and Walpole expressed surprise at the circumstance.²¹ The

¹⁸ See Montague Summers' edition of *The Castle of Otranto* and *The Mysterious Mother* for a long list of similar stories. I mention here only a few: the legend of St. Gregory (No. 81 of the *Gesta Romanorum*, see Wells, *Manual of the Writings in Middle English* for English versions); the Latin chronicle of St. Albinus, of which Cole sent Walpole a manuscript; the tale in Luther's *Colloquia Mensalia*; and the stories in Margaret of Navarre's *Heptameron* and Bandello's *Novelle*. Summers mentions several thoroughly authenticated instances. The whole subject of the incest theme has been treated by Otto Rank, *Das Incest-Motiv in Dichtung und Sage*, Leipzig und Wien, 1912.

¹⁹ The *Heptameron* may have been the source of Tillotson's story, which is known to us only through Walpole. The two versions agree even to the detail of the prelate's giving advice entirely out of accord with ecclesiastical law. The same may be said of Luther's story, told under the article "Auricular Confession."

²⁰ *Novelle*, Part II, No. 35.

²¹ Letter to the Hon. H. S. Conway, June 16, 1768 (VII, 199). "Mr. Chute has found the subject of my tragedy which I thought happened in Tillotson's time, in the Queen of Navarre's Tales; and what is very remarkable, I had laid my plot at Narbonne and about the beginning of the Reformation, and it really did happen in Languedoc and in the time of Francis the First. Is not this singular?"

general matter of source need not concern us greatly. Walpole seems to have taken a fairly current story, and what he thought was a true one, but two circumstances seem to me to be of some interest: the theme had been revolving in his mind for some time, and the incest plot had been in use by the Elizabethan and Restoration playwrights. That such a theme had impressed itself upon Walpole several years before is certain from his memory of Tillotson's story as well as from another circumstance. On July 12, 1753, he had published as Number 28 of the *World*, an essay on the theme that love late in life is best, and in it he had cited the legend about Ninon de L'Enclos and the Chevalier de Villiers, a series of circumstances similar to those out of which he made *The Mysterious Mother*.²² More important than this fact, however, which shows nothing more than that Walpole pondered his drama for a longer time than his novel, is the fact that he had early examples of the use of the theme in drama. Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, and Ford, to name only a few, had used it, and it was common on the Restoration stage.²³ Not all such plays had themes precisely similar to that of *The Mysterious Mother*, not all made the incest theme the main plot of the drama, but all introduced it as not unfit for the stage. Two tragedies, indeed, one of them acted, had dealt with the same story as Walpole's, the anonymous *Fatal Discovery, or Love*

²² The story, discredited by the most recent biographer of the famous French beauty, Émile Magne, (*Ninon de Lanclos*, Paris, 1925, pp. 71-2, note), runs as follows: About 1672 the young Chevalier de Villiers fell ardently in love with the still remarkable Ninon (aged according to some accounts sixty, to others, fifty-two). His father, the Chevalier de Gersay, wished to keep his parentage secret, and this Ninon had endeavored to do. The disastrous consequences came when the chevalier became more ardent, and Ninon, permitted to tell her son, wrote to him appointing a private meeting. He came eagerly, was horrified at her revelations, and unable to realize the relationship sufficiently to destroy his passion, fled into the garden and fell upon his sword. Compare the characters of Inesilla de Cantarilla, who is much like Ninon, and Don Valerio de Luna in Le Sage's *Gil Blas*, where the hero, like the Chevalier de Villiers, regrets that he has been unable to accomplish his purpose and stab himself.

²³ Before the Restoration: Beaumont and Fletcher, *King and No King*, and *The Captain*, 1612; Arthur Wilson, *The Swiszer*, 1631; Middleton, *Women Beware Women*, c. 1612; Massinger, *The Unnatural' Combat*, 1621; Ford, *'Tis Pity*, 1631; Tourneur, *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607; Brome, *Love Sick Count*, 1658. After the Restoration: Dryden, *Spanish Fryar or the Double Discovery*, 1679-80; Aureng-Zebe, 1675; *Love Triumphant, or Nature will Prevail*, 1693; *Don Sebastian*, 1689; Dryden and Lee, *Oedipus*, 1679; Otway, *Orphan*, 1680; Lee, *Tragedy of Nero*, *Emperour of Rome*, 1674; Crowne, *Thyestes*, 1681; *City Politiques*, 1683; and Mrs. Behn, *Dutch Lover*, 1673. The last two are comic treatments.

in *Ruins* (D. L., 1697-8), and Robert Gould's *Innocence Distress'd, or the Royal Penitents*, printed 1737,²⁴ both founded, doubtless, upon the *Heptameron* or Bandello. Walpole, therefore, had precedent for his use of the theme as drama, even among the Elizabethans, in whose manner he endeavored to unfold his play.

This relationship to the Elizabethan manner there is danger of overstressing. There is nothing to show that Walpole's knowledge of the old drama was any less superficial than his knowledge of Gothic architecture. He seems to have had some knowledge of the stage of the time. He cites Nature and Shakespeare's grave-diggers, to be sure, to justify the foolishness of his bumpkins in *The Castle of Otranto*.²⁵ There are scenes and lines in the romance which seem to show that Walpole had read *Hamlet* recently. Of *The Mysterious Mother* the same might be said. The opening of the play suggests *Hamlet*; there are lines, words, and situations here and there which are likewise suggestive—notably the deep-toned "Forebear," as Benedict and Martin, the crafty monks, are plotting (Act IV, sc. 1). There are reminiscences of *Othello* and *Macbeth*, too; there is even a hint of *Romeo and Juliet*, but though comparison to Shakespeare is hinted at in the unused Prologue²⁶ the similarity may be said to be very general. He may have made use of Marlowe's *Faustus*, Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, and Congreve's *Mourning Bride*. But his knowledge and use of the past was that of a clever, not a profound man. Whatever his inspiration, and it seems Elizabethan more than Eighteenth Century, Walpole's handling of his difficult subject is characterized by a fine restraint and dignity and a full appreciation of dramatic possibilities.

²⁴ Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830*, X, 185 ff., gives a sketch of their plots and characters.

²⁵ Preface to the second edition. "That great master of nature Shakespeare, was the model I copied."

²⁶ "From no French model breathes the muse to-night;
The scene she draws is horrid, not polite.
She dips her pen in terror. Will ye shrink?
Shall foreign critics teach you how to think?
Had Shakespeare's magic dignified the stage,
If timid laws had school'd th' insipid age?"

The Mysterious Mother is a mixture of classic and romantic notions. As with *The Castle of Otranto*, the purpose of the play is the classic one of producing pity and terror. The unities are also to be found in the piece:

I have said that terror and pity naturally arose from the subject, and that the moral is just. These are the merits of the story, and not of the author. It is true, also, that the rules laid down by the critics, are strictly *inherent* in the piece—remark I do not say *observed*; for I had written above three acts before I had thought of, or set myself down to observe those rules; and consequently it is no vanity to say, that the three unities reign throughout the whole play. The *time* necessary is not above two or three hours longer than the representation, or at most does not require more than half the four and twenty hours granted to poets by those their masters. The unity of place is but once shifted, and that merely from the platform without the castle to the garden within it, so that a single wall is the whole infringement of the second law. And for the third unity of action, it is so entire that not the smallest episode intervenes. Every scene tends to bring on the catastrophe, and the story is never interrupted or diverted from its course. The return of Edmund, and his marriage, necessarily produce the denouement.

If the critics are pleased with this conformity to their laws, I shall be glad they have that satisfaction. For my own part, I set little value on that merit which was accidental; it is at best but mechanic and of a subordinate kind, and more apt to produce improbable situations than to remove them.

On the romantic side *The Mysterious Mother* is the expression of the gothic that was unexpressed in *The Castle of Otranto*. The action takes place in a "gothic" time—at the dawn of the Reformation. There is mention of Vaudois heretics and of the deaths of Henri III and IV, all of which is of a time sufficiently removed to be in harmony with the theme and general supernatural atmosphere.

The success of any treatment of so horrible a theme Walpole recognized would depend upon two things:

to palliate the crime, and raise the character of the criminal. To attain the former end, I imagined the moment in which she has lost a beloved husband, when grief and disappointment and a conflict of passions might be supposed to have thrown her reason off its guard, and exposed her to the danger under which she fell. Strange as the moment may seem for vice to have seized on her, still it makes her less hateful than if she had coolly meditated so foul a crime. I have also endeavored to

make her very fondness for her husband in some measure the cause of her guilt.²⁷

Or, to let the Countess speak:

Ye know how fondly my luxurious fancy
Doated upon my lord. For eighteen months
An embassy detain'd him from my bed.
A harbinger announc'd his near return.
Love dress'd his image to my longing thoughts
In all its warmest colours—but the morn,
In which impatience grew almost to sickness,
Presented him a bloody corse before me.
I rav'd—the storm of disappointed passions
Assail'd my reason, fever'd all my blood—
Whether too warmly press'd or too officious
To turn the torrent of my grief aside,
A damsel, that attended me, disclos'd
Thy suit, unhappy boy! . . .
Guilt rush'd into my soul—my fancy saw thee
Thy father's image— . . .

Yes, thou polluted son!

Grief, disappointment, opportunity,
Rais'd such a tumult in my madding blood,
I took the damsel's place.

This passage reveals Walpole as a psychologist, and in spite of Mason's objections²⁸ is one of the keenest touches in the whole play. His method of raising the character of the Countess is less open to question:

But as the guilt could not be lessened without destroying the subject itself, I thought that her immediate horror and consequent repentance were essential to her being suffered on the stage. Still more was necessary. The audience must be prejudiced in her favour, or an uniform sentiment of disgust would have been raised against her through the whole piece. For this reason I suppressed the story till the last scene, and bestowed every ornament of sense, unbigotted piety, and interesting contrition on the character that was at last to raise universal indignation; in hopes that some degree of pity would linger in the breast of the

²⁷ Postscript.

²⁸ "The canvass by this means render'd less shocking (by making the crime of the countess arise from mistake rather than prepense) would even still be too much so if the character of the Criminal was not so greatly rais'd as it is by the Author, nevertheless, *his* manner of palliating the Crime, by imagining her to commit it at the moment in which she had lost a beloved husband is a *strange one indeed*. by this Our *delicacy* is very reasonably shocked whatever becomes of our good nature; Our Common Feelings are more shocked than either because common Experience pronounces the fact unnatural & absolutely improbable."

audience, and that a whole life of virtue and penance might in some measure atone for a moment, though a most odious moment, of depraved imagination.

It is here that the skill of the dramatic architect is seen. The plot of *The Mysterious Mother* is strong; the mystery is preserved till the end; everything tends to bring on the catastrophe, the revelation of the mystery in a scene which rises to remarkable heights. If he succeeds in making the play terrible instead of tragic, the case is little altered.

The characters of the play, too, deserve some commendation. No longer lifeless as those of *The Castle of Otranto*, those of the drama are well defined. The Countess is an imposing tragic figure; the porter, though a type, is a real creation; even Edmund is plausible, and Adeliza, the weakest of the lot, is less sentimentalized than might be expected.

The dialogue is rapid and has plenty of give and take, and even at times suggests a little the Elizabethan feeling, though there is no great poetry to add to a nervous, and often beautiful, blank verse. An example is Edmund's soliloquy after his first interview with his mother after his return:

Why this *is* majesty. Sounds of such accent
Ne'er struck mine ear till now. Commanding sex!
Strength, courage, all our boasted attributes,
Want estimation; ev'n the preheminence
We vaunt in wisdom, seems a borrow'd ray,
When virtue deigns to speak with female organs.
Yes, O my mother, I *will* learn t'obey;
I *will* believe, that, harsh as thy decrees,
They wear the warrant of benign intention.
Make but the blooming Adeliza mine,
And bear, of me unquestion'd, Narbonne's sceptre;
Till Life's expiring lamp by intervals
Throws but a fainter and fainter flash,
And then relumes its wasted oil no more.

But it is the setting of romantic gloom that is the real feature of *The Mysterious Mother*. All of the gothic machinery of *The Castle of Otranto* is present; from the very opening of the play the shadow of impending tragedy hangs over the castle. The play has that totality of effect so much talked about by Poe. The castle is gloomy, to begin:

What awfull silence! How these antique towers
And vacant courts chill the suspended soul,
Till expectation wears the cast of fear;
And fear, half-ready to become devotion,
Mumbles a kind of mental orison,
It knows not wherefore. What a kind of being
Is circumstance!

I am a soldier, and were yonder battlements
Garnish'd with combatants, and cannon-mounted,
My daring breast would bound with exultation,
And glorious hopes enliven this drear scene.

Now dare not I scarce tread to my own bearing,
Lest echo borrow superstition's tongue,
And seem to answer me, like one departed.

I met a peasant, and enquir'd my way:
The carle, not rude of speech, but like the tenant
Of some night-haunted ruin, bore an aspect
Of horror, worn to habitude. He bade
God bless me; and pass'd on. I urg'd him farther:
Good master, cried he, go not to the castle;
There sorrow ever dwells, and moping misery.
I press'd him yet—None there, said he, are welcome,
But now and then a mass-priest, and the poor;
To whom the pious Countess deals her alms,
On covenant, that each revolving night
They beg of heav'n the health of her son's soul
And of her own: but often as returns
The twentieth of September, they are bound
Fast from the midnight watch to pray till morn.

There are numerous allusions to apparitions. Under the porch of an abbey nearby is said to sit the spectre of the late master of the castle, with eyes like burning stars. Lightning strikes the cross erected to the old count and destroys it. The porter who believes in dreams and who forecasts events from the croaking of ravens, whispers mystery. There are plottings of unscrupulous confessors, and whispers about the fate of the woman Beatrice, who has not been heard of since the event years before. Above all, there is the countess herself, a woman given to prayer and penance and despair for a sin she will not confess. Finally, there is the grim significance attached to a fatal date, September 20, a day celebrated in the castle on the damp marble slabs of the oratories.

If gothic is admitted to be in part horrible and terrifying, then *The Mysterious Mother* leaves nothing to be desired.

But this much is notable: in the drama the gothic machinery is less violent than in the novel, and is managed with much more skill. "I am firmly convinced that a history may be written with all the incidents appearing as supernatural and which show themselves naturally," he writes, and the result is *The Mysterious Mother*. Fidelity to the manners of the time, which he had claimed for the *Otranto*, except as the terror and superstitious fears of the people advance his story, is all made secondary. Walpole's purpose in *The Mysterious Mother*, like Coleridge's in *The Ancient Mariner*, was to present the supernatural naturally. Only the obvious and inevitable concern with character approaches this purpose in the playwright's interest.

To conclude: although theatrically the real feature of the play is the romance of mystery, noticeable from the very first line, dramatically the feature of the play is its structure. It is beautifully built up line by line. *The Mysterious Mother* is the work of one who had no practical knowledge of the stage, to be sure, but who had an instinct for drama. True, the play is stationary, in spite of a racy dialogue, but this is true of most of the contemporary plays. Compared, however, with the only other noteworthy attempts at romantic drama of the time, Home's *Douglas* and Dodsley's *Cleone*, *The Mysterious Mother* has something they to a degree lacked—structure. *Cleone*, an *Othello* play, had the action Walpole's play lacked, as well as the conversation, for Dodsley had learned well in his Elizabethan school. *Douglas* had the advantage of theme and sinew, but *The Mysterious Mother* had architecture. Could these various elements have been blended into one play, we should perhaps not be speaking of the poor showing of the drama in the early romantic movement. As it is, Walpole's seems, all things considered, the most powerful, at least, of the gothic tragedies. Hannah More's *Percy*, Jephson's *Braganza*, and Cumberland's *Carmelites* are, after all, pale shadows.

Walpole's play was never acted; that he intended to have it try the stage at the beginning is certain, in spite of his later

contradictions. He wrote a prologue and an epilogue for it, the latter "to be spoken by Mrs. Clive." But he bowed to the opinion that it was too terrible for the stage, and was exceedingly cautious about its printing. The first edition of fifty copies might also have been the last had not piratical booksellers' announcements of it made two other editions, one with postscript, necessary. It has been reprinted, as far as I am able to discover, only twice, in Scott's collection of *British Drama*, 1811, and by Mr. Montague Summers, 1924. Hence, *The Mysterious Mother* is not so well known as *The Castle of Otranto*. But, while not a great play, it shows the author's talent for drama to be greater than that for fiction. It belongs, along with *The Castle of Otranto*, to the gothic tradition, and its only literary influence seems to be that it supplied Mrs. Radcliffe with some of the chapter headings of her romances.

WHO READS CARL SANDBURG?

CHARLES H. COMPTON
St. Louis Public Library

TEEN YEARS ago the critics had their fling at Sandburg. Today he is accepted. Anthologies of modern verse include him—some with due praise, others without enthusiasm. What about the general reader, the gentle reader, the man in the street, the flapper, flaming youth? Are they reading him? Where will you find them, that we may ask them? They are all represented among the users of the modern public library, today the most democratic, and as yet the freest and least restrained agency in placing the fruits of knowledge, (the good and the evil, shall we say) before the people. It is for them to choose—the detective story for the tired business man, the good sweet story for the good sweet woman, but Sandburg for others.

An examination of the records in the public library of a large American city disclosed the identity of about one hundred recent readers of Sandburg's poetry. They in most part have the same street addresses as the characters of Sandburg's own creation. Today everything is measured from the electron to the universe, but who has attempted to measure that elusive and yet certain influence of one personality upon another? We have not even begun to think about the possibility of the measurement of the effect of an author upon his reader. Yet nothing is more certain than that an author read and appropriated with enthusiasm may change the very fabric of the soul of the reader.

The impact of a Sandburg upon the thoughts, the emotions, the feelings, cannot as yet be measured, but it can be taken account of in one's imagination—it can at least be shot at in the dark. As we bring forward some of these hundred readers from the common walks of life, but with something from the neck up worth possessing, perhaps we can sense the effect of a Sandburg upon the stenographer, the typist, the

police clerk and the reporter by lines from his writings, taken at random, which seem to speak directly to them.

* * * * *

To the stenographer: "By day the skyscraper looms in the sun and has a soul. . . . It is the men and women, boys and girls, so poured in and out all day, that give the building a soul of dreams and thoughts and memories."

To the typist: "Smiles and tears of each office girl go into the soul of the building, just the same as the master-men who rule the building."

To the Negro reader: "I am the nigger. Singer of songs, Dancer . . . Softer than fluff of cotton . . . Harder than dark earth Roads beaten in the sun By the bare feet of slaves."

To the minister: "Lay me on an anvil, O God. Beat me and hammer me into a crowbar. Let me pry loose old walls. Let me lift and loosen old foundations."

To the newspaper reporter: "Speak softly—the sacred cows may hear. Speak easy—the sacred cows must be fed."

To the police clerk: "Out of the whirling womb of time come millions of men and their feet crowd the earth and they cut one another's throats for room to stand and among them all are not two thumbs alike."

To the musician: "A man saw the whole world as a grinning skull and cross bones . . . Then he went to a Mischa Elman concert . . . Music washed something or other inside of him. Music broke down and rebuilt something or other in his head and heart . . . He was the same man in the same world as before. Only there was a singing fire and a climb of roses everlastingly over the world he looked on."

To the waitress: "Shake back your hair, O red-headed girl. Let go your laughter and keep your two proud freckles on your chin."

To the manager of a beauty parlor: "The woman named Tomorrow sits with a hairpin in her teeth and takes her time and does her hair in the way she wants it and fastens at last the last braid and coil and puts the hairpin where it belongs and turns and drawls: Well, what of it? My grandmother, Yesterday, is gone. What of it? Let the dead be dead."

To the book agent: "This is a good book? Yes? Throw it at the moon—Let her go—Spang—This book for the moon... Yes? And then—other books, good books, even the best books—shoot 'em with a long twist at the moon—Yes?"

To the man who puts himself down a laborer: "Men who sunk the pilings and mixed the mortar are laid in graves where the wind whistles a wild song without words."

* * * * *

Among others of the hundred readers to whom he does not speak so directly, are many high school and college students, a few grade school children, a good representation of teachers, a department store saleswoman, two advertising men, a mechanic, a printer, a shoe salesman, a physician and the wife of another physician, several who designate themselves as clerks, and the wives of men engaged in similar occupations. The list is as significant in the vocations which are found unrepresented. There is not a lawyer on the list. "Why does a hearse horse snicker, hauling a lawyer away?" There is only one physician and two ministers. There is only one business man and I happen to know that he calls his vocation merely a meal ticket—his avocation being that of a playwright. It is interesting to observe that a similar recent study of readers of William James indicated that much the same classes of people were reading him as read Sandburg. Perhaps I cannot prove the fact, but I would be willing to wager that on the list of Sandburg readers there are not many "go-getters"—100 per cent. Americans and 20th century "he-men," which words in themselves are sufficient to make most of us swell with over-weaning pride.

In order to find out what these readers thought of Sandburg's poetry, I wrote to some of them, asking them to tell me how they happened to become interested in his poetry; whether they liked or disliked it; did they consider it poetry, and would it live, and what poems did they especially like or dislike? Most of the answers, which in some cases were very full, showed an understanding of Sandburg which in their estimate of his place in present day American literature corresponds

rather closely with the varying estimate of the literary critics who have written about him. Here are some extracts from these letters:

A minister writes:

First of all I should like to say that I found the Chicago poems very interesting and powerful. The latter attribute is the most commendable in any of the works of Sandburg I believe. You ask me if I consider his works poetry and I say without hesitation and very dogmatically 'no.' The most fitting definition of poetry in my estimation is one that I found in a book on German literature which translated would be, 'Poetry is beautiful thought in beautiful form.' Some of his things when weighed in the balance are woefully lacking in beautiful thought or form and all of them lack one or the other. His works may live as a sample of the product of this age but never for their literary value, is my belief.

'I have seen your painted women standing under the lamp-posts luring the innocent country boys,' he gives us a cross section of life written in powerful prose. That is all we can claim for him.

A janitor in a store drops a word of disparagement as to Sandburg, but calls attention to his own poetry, samples of which he sent me. He says:

i am quite a greate reader But have not read Sandburgs poems very much for i did not cair much for them so i can not say much about them.

i am a poet myself or think i am aneyhow. i commenced writing Poetry when i was eight years old. i am almost 65 now. Will send you a few samples of my Poor work on that line and you may Be able to do something for me and if you cant their is no harm done. i can write poor poetry, But make my living by hard work.

A teacher in the public schools of St. Louis expresses her appreciation as follows:

I became interested in Sandburg's poetry thru a literature course which a roommate at University of Chicago took; and the subsequent reading and discussions of Sandburg's poetry. We often read his Chicago Poems aloud to each other.

Yes, I like his poems, because of his understanding and feeling for life—the expression of thoughts which I have had but could not adequately express. His feelings for the poorer classes of Chicago masses, etc., etc.

In recalling his poems I find that I remember his vivid word pictures, so that his poems are called to mind by the mental visual image the poem made. The uniqueness of form and style are also attractive.

Is it poetry? Yes—and no. Poetry when we consider the beauty of idea and ease of expression, but not poetry if we shall limit ourselves to narrow meter forms, rhyming, etc.

If any of the modern poetry lives (which I think it will), Sandburg's and Teasdale's will always be much read and appreciated.

I am especially fond of "Lines to a contemporary Bunk-Shooter." The first time I read it I hated it, but later grew to appreciate it for its frankness, vividness, and life.

The following comes from the pen of a fourteen-year old high school student:

Am answering your unusual request because I, like all poor mortals, love to give an opinion, and because I love to write—anything.

I became interested in Sandburg's poetry only after having been obliged by duty to read some modern poet's works. I chose Sandburg's because I had never before read any of them, though I had heard something of the promising author. You may be interested to know that out of a third term English class of forty students, only one chose to read Sandburg.

I am very fond of Carl Sandburg's works at times, though at other times they seem exceedingly hard to become interested in. I believe, though, that one never enjoys the same thing always, so, on the whole,—I do love his poetry,—very much. The reasons for my liking it, are, for the most part unknown to me, though I suppose its main appeal to me is in that it is so very—different. Then, too, I, with Sandburg, love, admire, and am inspired by the wheat fields of Illinois. Sandburg's is the best description of them I have ever read. Also, my dream city is Chicago. Oh, Sandburg seems to get at the heart of his themes with an astonishing agility.

Most certainly I consider it poetry for it is indeed 'the best words in the best way.' What else could it be but poetry, for it seems to sing, and makes something respond and sing within the reader, too.

As I am not a prophetess at all, I can scarcely say whether or not his poetry will live. Or perhaps I should say, it shall live—in me, though I doubt if it will live in the hearts of the people, as did the works of Longfellow and the other more conservative poets. On the other hand, Poe was not at all conservative, and his poetry is immortal (especially the beautiful *Annabel Lee*). My poor opinions are as nothing. I cannot say.

It has been such a very long time since I read 'Corn Huskers' that I cannot remember any titles. I am sure that the poems dealing with the 'sun on the wheat fields' were my especial favorites. However (you have aroused my interest in Carl Sandburg again, you see!) I intend to read 'Corn Huskers' once more and procure from the Public Library others of his works, and then, if you wish, I shall mail you the names of my favorites, and the ones I care least for.

P.S. These are only the opinions of a fourteen-year-old girl, so do not be annoyed at my style of writing and expression of my opinions. My name is at your service, if you wish.

Another teacher writes in part:

Just by way of wanting to know something about Modern American Poets, I took, several years ago, an evening course at Washington University from Professor Jones. I found the course extremely interesting and found that my professor was particularly interested in Carl Sandburg's poetry. It is perhaps because of Professor Jones' interest that I found myself very fond of Carl Sandburg's verse.

I wish that I were home at present and could get at some of my notes. At present I am attending Columbia University, and am quite busy with mid-term exams. If such were not the case, I should enjoy reading over many of Sandburg's poems and should enjoy giving you my impressions.

Not being a poetic scholar, I can not express myself in the language of poets. I believe that his is poetry; of course, his style is very free but that does not make his product any the less poetry. I love the feeling, the sound, the music that comes to me as I read his 'Cool Tombs' and 'Grass.' Those are the two poems that come to my mind as I write.

An advertising man for a manufacturing concern writes at length of himself and his unflattering views of Sandburg, which are quoted here in part:

I am an amateur scribbler with a keen realization of my own limitations but an equally keen enjoyment of an occasional spree in the realm of literary self expression. Like most amateurs of whatever degree of promise, I am afflicted with friends and relatives who persist in regarding me as a potential second Shakespeare. It was in an effort to convince them—a successful effort, by the way—that I was not destined to cast any light on the literary heavens, that led up to my acquaintance with the redoubtable Mr. Sandburg.

I cannot say that I either liked or disliked the works of this strange writer. I will confess to an occasional flash of admiration as he created some extremely vivid image, but on the whole, I read his poems with a feeling of tolerant amusement.

I do not consider myself an absolute reactionary, by any means. I read the works of Masefield, Noyes and Lindsay with the utmost enjoyment. Most of Amy Lowell's work—even her free verse, I found enjoyable. Sandburg, however, I found merely grotesque, for the most part.

I may be wrong,—I probably am—but it seems to me that the reason Whitman's work will continue to live is that he plunged deep down into the crucible of life and brought up the pure molten metal. Sandburg, on the contrary, seems to me to have skimmed off the slag.

If you have ever been near a huge steel mill, you will appreciate the above figure of speech. When the slag is dumped, there is a tremendous splash and flying of sparks, but when it has cooled, there is only an ugly shapeless mass. Pure metal, however, runs to the rolling mill and is worked into enduring articles of commerce and enjoys (if one may use that term) a certain sort of immortality analogous to that enjoyed by the works of a true literary genius.

It has been some time since I read any of Mr. Sandburg's works and I cannot recall a single one of them, which made a sufficiently deep impression on me, so that I could say that I either liked or disliked any single bit of his work. My whole feeling toward this man's writings, may be caused by conflicting temperament; it probably is. So far as that is concerned, however, if others who comply with your request would be equally frank, you would probably find that they would have to make the same confession, if, by any chance, they had the slightest understanding of the reason for whatever reactions they may have.

I think that one reason why critics are usually treated in such a contemptuous manner, is the fact that so much criticism is based on personal feeling or on a little understood reaction of temperament. After all, what standards have we to guide us in criticising the works of such men as Sandburg?

They are pioneers. Recognizing the fact that poetry, the last thing in the world which ought to be standardized was rapidly declining into a state where poetry, so-called, would be produced after the same fashion as Ford cars, they went to the extreme limit of revolt.

Not all of them went so far as Mr. Sandburg, Lowell and the freak followerers of our friend Harriet Monroe in Chicago. Many reached the truly sublime heights. I think that future generations will so regard Masefield, Noyes and to some extent, Frost, Lindsay and Robinson.

As for the utter extremists,—and I regard Sandburg as falling in that category,—it is my opinion—merely an opinion—they will be lumped together in the consideration of future critics as being collectively responsible for the new literary movement, that their names may live in that connection, but that very little of what they have produced will survive any other way than as literary curiosities produced in an era of transition.

The wife of a man, who in the city directory is classified as a clerk, writes appreciatively of Sandburg:

I first became interested in modern poetry when I took a course in 'contemporary poetry' at Washington University. Here I read a few of Sandburg's Poems for the first time. I liked some of them so well I have since read all his works.

I cannot say I like all his poetry but I like some of it. It seems to me that some of it is rather crude and lacks the finish associated with any art. I do not like the strident element in his poetry. Sandburg's object is to give us his impression of life and since some life is crude and strident Sandburg accomplishes what he wishes to do. I admire the

technique he employs but do not like what he produces. It seems to me that at times he shows a lack of judgment in his selection of subject matter.

But in many of his poems we have expressions of great beauty and perfect construction and unity. Most of his figures of speech are unique and striking, and if not too prosaic, are pleasing. The most pronounced note in his better poems is his tender sympathy and understanding of all kinds of life and his resignation to a hopeless death as portrayed in his philosophy of living.

It depends on one's standard for poetry whether or not one can say Sandburg does or does not write it. According to my standard of poetry Sandburg writes poetry. He also writes many poems that are not poetry.

I think Sandburg's most beautiful poems will live because of the merit they have. But we are living in a transitional period of poetry and Sandburg, I believe, is the greatest of this period. For that reason, if not for the merit of his poetry, the best of his work will be preserved.

I like the 'Undertow,' 'In the Cool Tombs,' 'The Harbor,' 'Lost,' 'The Nurse-Mother,' 'Joy,' and his other poems of like nature. I cannot say I really dislike any of his poems but I do not care for 'Chicago.' No doubt Sandburg in this poem does exactly what he attempts to do but I do not care for that type of poetry. 'Cornhuskers' and 'Smoke and Steel' are better, but I do not care for them as I do for his shorter, tenderer poems. Sandburg can be infinitely tender and understanding and his poems in this mood are his best. It seems to me that these are the poems that cause him to rank very high as a poet today.

The wife of the manager of a motor company says she first had her attention called to Sandburg when her pastor quoted from the *Fish Monger*. She writes:

There is, of course, truth in what he says, and from what little I know of his poems, it is well put. You ask if I consider it poetry. In Webster's Dictionary the definition of Poetry is: 'The embodiment in appropriate rhythmical language, usually metrical, of beautiful or high thoughts, imagination, or emotion.' Many of his things surely are not that but they do stir one to better conditions, just as Dickens's descriptions do, and they do paint portions of Chicago in vivid raw colors.

The only letter completely condemning Sandburg came anonymously and reads as follows:

I dislike the poetry of Sandburg because its effects are not aesthetic in any degree.

I do not consider it poetry. It lacks the beauty of expression and thought that characterizes real poetry.

It is doubtful that Sandburg's poetry will live, for it is not sufficiently distinctive; it is merely a part of the mass of so-called modern verse.

I consider Sandburg's poetry vulgar, at times; coarse, brutal, materialistic and sordid. To one who has been held breathless by the musical cadence, the magic imagery, the wealth of word and thought of Shelley and Keats, or any of the real poets, the so-called poetry of Sandburg is as a transition from the sublime to the ridiculous. Slang will never be the medium of poetic expression. The golden chain of poetic thought is roughly torn asunder when a slang or exceedingly common-place phrase is introduced. No, Sandburg may have been a good newspaper man; he could, perhaps, have written essays; but he was no poet. To call his work poetry is a sacrilege to the muse, a desecration of the name of poesy.

Two letters deal especially with Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln—The Prairie Years*. One is from a teacher of evident literary appreciation. She says in part:

I have read Carl Sandburg's 'Abraham Lincoln'; his poems, one or two volumes, some of the *Rootabaga Stories*; have heard him speak, read his verse and thump his banjo. I like him, the funny stories, the shorter poems and the Lincoln. I was charmed, too, with the man himself.

I first liked Lincoln better after I saw Drinkwater's play; then after I read Sandburg, liked the human touch—I mean one's feeling that he was so humanly humorous or is it the reverse, so humorously human. It has been a long time since I read the book and many things are between then and now. I remember I liked it and stayed up because interested, as well as to do up a two volume set to get it back to the library. My aunt, too, read it and although a very Southern person with traditional prejudices, liked Lincoln better and enjoyed the book.

A man I was talking with the other day who reads considerably, travels (in Europe twice), is a college man of years ago, however, not literary especially, had not heard of Sandburg.

I introduced Sandburg into a literary class last year in a State Teachers College. Except one or two, they had not read any of him; most of them did not know he existed. Kipling and Neihardt were about the only modern poets they knew. They liked Sandburg, especially the men.

The other is from a police clerk:

In reply to your letter asking for my opinion of Carl Sandburg's 'Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years,' wish to say that it is one of many books that I shall always be glad that I have had the pleasure to read and enjoy.

I ran across some of Mr. Carl Sandburg's poetry some years ago. I enjoyed it so much that I read everything of Sandburg's that I could find. Later I heard of his new monumental work, 'Abraham Lincoln.' I procured it quickly and enjoyed reading every line of it. Ordinarily I find the reading of biographies dull, they are usually smoothed over,

white washed here and there, done so I guess because the truth is never fit for publication, but here is one in a different style and purpose, done neatly, clearly and poetically. There are whole pages in it that read like poetry. The description of Lincoln plodding through mud and muck of Illinois country roads is a treat and as real to me as the day I myself plowed through it.

I like reading it because I found it instructive, entertaining and not a page to be dull. I believe Sandburg has painted Lincoln as he really was—a great big giant, come up out of the wilderness and the hinderland with great big broad shoulders and bared chest to strike a new note in the history of his country.

To my mind Sandburg's Lincoln will ring round the world as a work of greatness, for whosoever reads it will come to know Lincoln as no other man has written of him.

I wonder whether the fourteen year old girl has not answered the question as to whether Sandburg's poetry will live when she says, "It will live in me," and again the question as to whether it is poetry when she says, "What else could it be but poetry, for it seems to sing and make something sing in the reader, too." I have asked myself the same questions that I put to those whose letters appear here and the answers I give are like theirs, uncontaminated by any knowledge of the technique of poetry. To be sure I have read books on poetry and have enjoyed them, especially Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry*, but I know not a whit more about how poetry is made on that account, although they have added to my appreciation of poetry. But there is one thing I do know, and that is the effect poetry has on me. If I were to attempt to define poetry, I would say that it was that form of literary expression which in the fewest words can affect man most profoundly. That satisfies me, for it allows me to consider both Keats and Sandburg as poets.

Sandburg's poetry is not like that of Shelley or Keats, yet it stirs my emotions, not the same emotions as does Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark* or Keats' *Autumn*, but just as deeply—perhaps more deeply. More deeply, because Sandburg's poetry goes down deep into the life of this twentieth century of which he is a part—of which I am a part. It is a life I understand. At those ugly things in life at which he rebels—at those things I rebel. Of all the poets I know, not excepting Walt Whitman,

Sandburg is not excelled in his sympathy with the common and even the lowest of humanity, with the great unwashed, with the boobs and the flappers, with the seventy-five per cent of our population whom the intelligence testers set down as morons. Sandburg understands them all. He interprets them and draws from them the beauty hidden away in the dark recesses of their outwardly unlovely exteriors.

Will Sandburg's poetry live? I am willing to abide by the answer of the fourteen year old girl. It will live in me and from the letters which I have quoted I know that there are other "me's" beside my own, in whom Sandburg's poetry is now living, and I believe that in the years to come there will be still other "me's" yet unborn in whom Carl Sandburg will live and will stir still pools in the hidden places of their souls.

Sandburg in his language limits himself to the Middle West, but in his love for mankind he circles the globe; in his philosophy he searches the heights in man's life and penetrates the depths in man's death. "At a Window" he looks out upon life and says:

Give me hunger,
O you gods that sit and give
The world its orders.
Give me hunger, pain and want,
Shut me out with shame and failure
From your doors of gold and fame,
Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger!

But leave me a little love,
A voice to speak to me in the day end,
A hand to touch me in the dark room
Breaking the long loneliness.
In the dusk of day-shapes
Blurring the sunset,

One little wandering, western star
Thrust out from the changing shores of shadow.
Let me go to the window,
Watch there the day-shapes of dusk
And wait and know the coming
Of a little love.

MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON

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WHEN A living author permits his *Collected Poems*¹ to be issued, we may begin to judge him with such security as one contemporary can judge another. Already he sits to posterity for his portrait, and posterity, though unprepared, must do what it can. Moreover, Mr. Aldington's verse is to be taken seriously, partly because some of it is altogether admirable, and partly also because some of its weaknesses are characteristic and illustrative of much in modern verse that is frequently admired.

Mr. Aldington appeared first on the poetic scene as an Imagist. Imagism, however, was but a phase and has almost disappeared unless it survives in his own work and that of "H. D." (Mrs. Aldington). It has developed into something else, and that something appears also in Mr. Aldington; and the trend of development is highly interesting. It began as perhaps a species of polite advertisement, a banner. Then came the war (which changed other things besides verse), and the *japanoiserie* movement (a very small eddy), and the natural growth of the young poets themselves. The Imagists, moreover, when they wrote *poetry* proved to be not much different from other poets—and when they did not write poetry it matters little what they were. Descriptive poetry lives by its imagery, which is sometimes clear and sharp, as the Imagists would have it, and sometimes vague and suffused, as with the romanticists. In intellectual poetry the image tends toward the Marinistic conceit, which is not always bad in itself, but needs to be buoyed and balanced by something more. The Imagists seem to have sought a combination, rendering description by means of the bold, recherché trope, that is, imagery born of the intellect, though addressed to the imagination; whereas the older imagery sprang apparently full-formed from the imagination alone. (This terminology, one may note, is out

¹ Richard Aldington, *Collected Poems*, New York, Covici-Friede, 1928.

of date and will be repudiated by recent psychological critics and poets; but its meaning is plain enough, and it is after all quite as clear as the more complicated technical language of today.) Then when the combination proved to be insoluble, the intellectual tendency came to predominate; which is a perhaps natural development reinforced by the external circumstances of contemporary life. This, with the added note of his late Greek interests, seems to have been Mr. Aldington's story.

The *Collected Poems* opens with this grecizing note. Mr. Aldington is saturated with the Anthology and the Sicilian idyls. His imagination is filled with "Maenads dancing to a Faun's pipe." He is haunted by fauns and dryads and "naked wanton hamadryads"; they keep returning, even in his war poetry. He cries out for this Greek beauty—

I will throw away rifle and leather belt,
 Straps, khaki and heavy nailed boots,
 And run naked across the dewy grass
 Among the firm red berries!
 I will be free
 And sing of beauty and the women of Hellas,
 Of rent seas and the peace of olive gardens.

The simplest and purest expression of this nostalgia, which is of course a form of decadence, is in the first five poems of the volume: *Choricos* (as fine as anything of the kind can be, and echoed in the later poem *The Lover*), *To a Greek Marble*, *Argyria*, *At Mitylene*, and *Stele*. Here are the weariness, the vivid longing for

The far ecstasy of burning noons
 When the fragile pipes
 Ceased in the cypress shade,

and the disappointment for an unattainable love;—

Potnia, Potnia,
 White grave goddess,
 Pity my sadness,
 O silence of Paros.

Here are the sense of music become silence, of human loveliness become marble, of ultimate beauty ended in a sadness which is warm only with remotest memories. Think of Pater's *Mona Lisa* done from a late Greek model, and you have the feeling of these first poems: clarity, chastened sensuousness, a cold fire, a beauty of lips that smile and eyes that stare like a statue's; that which is at once cruel and exquisite, life under "the very grey sky of Persephone," with a burden of "Love me, for I must depart." Then comes the sixth poem, *Lesbia*, which reveals the weakness of the whole manner and reveals it in a final line of stabbing sarcasm.

And through it all I see your pale Greek face;
Tenderness
Makes me as eager as a little child to love you,
You morsel left half-cold on Caesar's plate.

From this it is but a step to the modernistic, sub-poetic style which mars the verse of Mr. Aldington and a large group who today pass for poets. Behold it in

EVENING

The chimneys, rank on rank,
Cut the clear sky;
The moon
With a rag of gauze about her loins
Poses among them, an awkward Venus—

And here am I looking wantonly at her
Over the kitchen sink.

These poets are infected with what Théophile Gautier called *le triste amour du laid*. Ugliness is a passion, an obsession with them. Not content with a sub-poetic, often they pass to a sub-prosaic level. They pretend to be careless and offhand about things. They mumble and speak in an undertone. They choose a commonplace subject, deprecate any real interest in it, write of it casually, and ask us to be moved by it. Reacting perhaps from the elaborately self-conscious art of the decadents, they fly to the opposite extreme. But poetry remains an art and will not be treated contemptuously. The imagination will not be sprung by such light fingering. It is one thing

to cultivate simplicity, as Wordsworth did, sometimes with success; but quite another to cultivate barrenness, dulness, and incoherence. And it is one of the interesting and surprising contrasts of Mr. Aldington that he represents both schools, that he even tries to combine them. To illustrate this adequately would require abundant quotation; but by reference one may cite *Childhood* as an example of the worst and the *Meditation* (at p. 145) as an example of the best;—the former being unrelieved dulness, the latter a sort of prose lifted by the dignity of its thought and warmed by an inner repressed glow.

The next step of a decadent intellectualism is to recognize the discrepancy of the two modes and deliberately exploit the discord. The result is a conscious grotesquerie. We know that the thing is bad and ugly; we know we are beaten; and we seize our nettle with a loud laugh at the hurt. Thus in the beginning and end of *Truth*:

Truth! if my words grow wan and cold
 The fault is yours.
 Yet what a fool was I,
 Like the farm zany in the nursery tale,
 To barter a full bag of coined fancies
 For your lean scrip of verities.
 What a mouldy cheat was this!

O Satan! You've disguised yourself as Truth
 And made a solemn fool of more than me;
 By these presents, firmly weighed and penned,
 I here renounce you and your verminous tricks.

Come, happy Falsehood,
 Once again,
 Make me a merry fool.

But the prime illustration of this débâcle of intellectual poetry is the longish work (fifty-odd pages) at the end of the volume called *A Fool i' the Forest*, with the subtitle 'A Phantasmagoria' and a note explaining the allegory. Here three characters, "I", the typical man "struggling to attain a harmony between himself and the exterior world"; Mezzetin, a figure from the *Commedia dell' arte*, symbolizing the imagi-

native faculties, including "irresponsible gaiety"; and the Conjuror, a malicious fellow, symbolizing the intellectual faculties, that is, "age, science, righteous cant, solemnity, authority"; these three, being "one person split into three," take ship to Athens, get drunk on the Acropolis, sing and declaim and argue; presently wander into the catacombs (apparently), and on down to the Italian Renaissance, and still on to the World War in France, and still on to post-war London. Mezzetin dies; the Conjuror pesters "I" with well-meant advice until he is pushed off London Bridge, and "I" becomes a respectable commonplace Englishman. All this comprises much raving in English, French, and Italian; in various meters and no-meters; with beauty (including the "echoing calls of fauns and dryads Happy in flower-sweet recesses") and ribaldry; with nonsense and serious reflections on the "miserable condition of humanity";—a precious mixture which out-herods *The Barren Land*; a phantasmagoria indeed. There is no point in passing judgment on this work; it is a document, a summary. It is a verbal counterpart of so much contemporary painting which is the perversion of art, and contemporary music which is technical proficiency gone mad. It also reveals a mental history.

Without assuming or implying necessarily that it is the personal story of Mr. Aldington, one traces a certain similar change and conflict through the succession of *Collected Poems*. One imagines a youth among none too lovely surroundings becoming enamoured of the vanished idyllic beauty of the Greek world, the idealized Arcadia of Theocritus and parts of the Anthology. Here was a frank sensuousness, a clear bright sweetness, a simple-hearted cheerfulness, and withal a golden richness, which offered the perfect escape from the drab day-by-day of Modern England. Into this pagan retreat the youth withdraws deeper and deeper. As he grows up to take his place in the actual world the contrast possesses him more powerfully. Youthful disillusion gives way to a mature disillusion, and the result is as ashes in the mouth. The War comes, exaggerating still further this contrast and feeling of misfit. He hopes, however, to be purified by experience, to be

strengthened by trial, to be exalted by sacrifice. And the miracle is slow of fulfilment. He passes through stages of *Terror, Defeat, Doubt, Resentment, Disdain*.

You beat against me,
Immense waves, filthy with refuse. . . .
I shudder at the contact;
Yet I pierce through you
And stand up torn, dripping, shaken,
But noble and fierce.

And this he calls *Doubt*. In the Epilogue of 'Images of War' he clings to love as the solvent. Then follow the 'Images of Desire' with their "quick flower-flames that sear into the soul Sharp wounds of pleasure"; and though there is a brave Epilogue, it is the bravery of despair. *Eumenides*, in the section called 'Exile,' raises the old questions, and ends: "Tell me, what answer shall I give my murdered self?" Finally, in solitude, "innocent peace," and silence he has recovered the old raptures and "Almost that vanished purity"; in the humble Berkshire meadows the "wounds of war" have been cleansed. Yet one wonders if the cleansing is more than momentary. One feels that it is scarcely a permanent recovery. The ashes and bitterness predominate still.

This is the story, perhaps an imaginary one. He who would have lived happily in a pastoral of Theocritus finds himself at bay among the complexities of civilization and the brutalities of war. He whose gods are Silenus, the fauns, and white-armed Aphrodite can hardly be at home among

All the wheels of the traffic,
All the cold indifferent faces,
All the fronts of the houses,
All the stones of the street.

This is the story; yet one's faith in its veracity, even in its artistic sincerity, is undermined by the sense of strain throughout. Is it more than partly true? The war poems are genuine enough, though they are not always successful as poems. But in the love poems the note is forced to a shrillness, sometimes, which begets doubt. The "fleshliness" of some of

these (*Daybreak* for example) would have made Buchanan stare and gasp. (The 'Songs for Puritans,' perfect as they are in the late seventeenth century manner, are too much obviously exercises to be reckoned in this charge.) There is too much of breasts, weary eyes, cruel lips, burning pain—the sensual language of decadence—so that we feel it all to be shallow, artificial, deliberately stimulated. The sensual is a part, to be sure, of all passion, but never rightly for its own sake; but rather as a means of kindling the black earth till it achieve the gemlike flame. There must be flame; not, however, as a consuming force, but for its light and shadow, its warming and transmuting power. And here it is that Mr. Aldington's verse tends to betray its insincerity. He is always fanning his fire with strange images—

Her mouth is a crushed flower
That unpetals marvelously
Beneath my lips.

And "the perfume of the flesh" is acrid; "She is so shudderingly beautiful." He may call upon Dante and those *che son contenti nel fuoco*, but he has not, in his *Collected Poems*, found the other love, that of Beatrice and the *Paradiso*.

A final word must be added on Mr. Aldington's prosody; it deserves fuller treatment. Most of the poems are in free-verse, part of which is plain prose of assorted lengths, that is, of discontinuous rhythms, and part in very delicately modulated patterns. Often the lines will scan readily, though the rhythm may seem to shift from line to line. Often there is a close approach to blank verse. Always in the best poems there is a true melody, not formal, but the more subtle for being continually varied. If for no other reason, Mr. Aldington's poetry would be important for its metrical mastery. And if we find it too frequently in substance a harsh wine (in Bacon's phrase) that tastes of the grape-stone, if (in his own phrase)

We have beauty that is diseased and wanton,
Art that plays with ugliness and fantasy,

still it is beauty and art sufficiently to warrant his place in our attention. To call it decadent and Alexandrian is fair enough,

provided one remember that decadence and Alexandrianism are not altogether bad; and there is enough of the *vrai beau*, along with the *faux bon*, to make one hope that Mr. Aldington will complete the story with a satisfying resolution of his Arcadian-modernistic discord.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR. By Sydney Bradshaw Fay. New York: Macmillan, 1928. 2 vols. xvii, 551 pp; vii, 557 pp.

Every friend of American scholarship should be proud of Professor Fay's fine achievement, for it is today by common consent the ablest and soundest study of the origins of the war in any language. The author's articles in the *American Historical Review* for 1921 established his position as the most competent authority in this country in regard to this momentous problem. Since then, every document of importance bearing upon the immediate origins of the war has found its way to his desk. But it is not so much in its thorough documentation that his work surpasses that of the best European specialists in this field, Renouvin in France, Montgelas in Germany, and Wilson in England; rather the distinctive achievement is the impartiality with which he discusses questions that are still highly controversial and around which passions still rage. He has succeeded admirably in maintaining an attitude of scientific detachment without sacrificing the necessary quality of sympathetic understanding. This is by all odds the supreme advantage that an American scholar should enjoy over a European historian of whatever nationality in the study of this problem. While others have openly or unconsciously identified themselves with the arguments advanced by partisans of the Central Powers or by those of the Allies, Professor Fay has retained his independence of judgment, and his conclusions are stated with evident sincerity. He does not believe that it is possible, as some have done, to apportion the various degrees of responsibility, but he leaves no doubt as to his opinion of the verdict of guilty that was passed upon Germany in the Treaty of Versailles: "But the verdict of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her allies were responsible for the War, in view of the evidence now available, is historically unsound." (II. 558). The revisionists find much to approve in this work, while condemning the author's forthright judgment that "Austria was more responsible for the immediate origins of the War than any other Power." (II. 550). The opposing school finds his criticism of the Russian mobilization, the refusal of France and England to exert pressure at St. Petersburg in the interests of moderation, and his recognition of Germany's real if belated efforts to restrain Austria, equally unpalatable. Perhaps the best testimonial to his impartiality is in these criticisms from the two opposing groups, and also in the eagerness with which each seeks to identify him as one of its own.

On the sound theory that the origins of the war are not to be found

exclusively in the crisis of 1914, Professor Fay has devoted his first volume to a survey of the relations between the Great Powers during the period after the Franco-Prussian War. More than a third is given to an absorbingly interesting account of the Balkan question, and the same proportionate emphasis is repeated in the second volume. Much less attention is accorded the general European situation prior to 1904, and it is in connection with his treatment of this period that certain questions may be raised. He correctly disposes of the famous Radowitz mission to St. Petersburg in February, 1875, which has figured largely in the charge that Bismarck intended to attack France during the war-scare of that year, as a legend, but it is too much to say that "the French felt that they had been menaced" (I. 58). This is true of the few days that followed the Berlin *Post's* article, "Ist der Krieg in Sicht?" of April 9, but these fears had largely evaporated when Decazes, the Foreign Minister, inspired Blowitz's letter, "A French War-Scare," to the London *Times*, May 5. M. Hanotaux, who used Decazes's unpublished letters for his *Histoire de la France Contemporaine*, (III. 251, 253) and M. Dreux, who had access to the papers of the French ambassador in Berlin, (*Dernières Années de l'Ambassade en Allemagne de M. Gontaut-Biron, 1874-1877*, Paris, 1907, pp. 139, 149) show that in the later phases, at least, of the crisis the alarm professed by the French government was more feigned than real and was exploited for the purpose of impressing Russia and England. It is to be regretted that the author did not discuss the changes which were made in the Franco-Russian alliance in 1899 during Delcassé's visit to St. Petersburg. Not only was the more or less technical change agreed upon that the military accord should end only with the diplomatic accord between the two Powers, but the more significant statement was introduced that the alliance existed for the maintenance of the equilibrium of the European forces as well as for the maintenance of peace. M. Michon's recent emphasis of this change in the purpose of the alliance, and his interpretation of its significance, make it especially desirable that it should be properly evaluated, (*L'Alliance Franco-Russe*, Paris, 1927, pp. 55-84) and it is to be hoped that Professor Fay will discuss this point in a future edition.

E. MALCOLM CARROLL.

THE STORY OF THE THEATRE. By Glenn Hughes. New York: Samuel French, 1928. ix, 422 pp.

THE DIARY OF DAVID GARRICK: Being a record of his memorable trip to Paris in 1751. Edited by Ryllis Clair Alexander. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1928. x, 117 pp.

Professor Hughes's *Story of the Theatre* is another 'outline' or universal history of a special branch of knowledge,—a one-man encyclopedia after the mediaeval manner: a *Speculum Theatrale* Vincent of Beauvais would have named it. The subtitle is "A Short History of Theatrical Art from its Beginning to the Present Day"; excepted only are "certain ancient civilizations: Assyrian, Egyptian, and the like." Included, though briefly, are the Indian, Javanese, Chinese and Japanese theatre. More than half of the volume is devoted to the European, from the Greek to our own times. The four concluding chapters are on the Theatre in America. There is a "selected" bibliography, and thirty-three illustrations. Professor Hughes modestly does not pretend that this is a book of pure scholarship; it is rather a compilation and condensation of the standard treatises, such as Chambers', Haigh's, Mantzius', and the recent books of Professor Nicoll. No one man can, of course, be expert in many fields, and he who takes all the world for his stage (excepting only Assyrian, Egyptian, and the like) must be content to rely largely on scissors and paste. But it is no small task to combine and reduce so vast a subject to a single volume of four hundred pages. There is first the difficulty of choice and second that of arrangement. On the latter score some objection might be raised. The chapter titles read well—Greek, Roman, Mediaeval, etc.—but the story does not flow, the joinery is not smooth, or, from another point of view, the compartments are too firm. Sometimes the method is simply a series of one actor's life after another; and sometimes it descends to mere lists. In the matter of inclusion, exclusion, and proportion one might find more to censure, as in the neglect of Dion Boucicault; but since no two writers would perhaps ever agree on such points, strictures are out of place where there is no chance for long exposition and argument. The book is designed for the general reader; it is written popularly; and if there is a popular audience for a story book of the theatre it should accept this one gladly.

A third matter, however, calls for more particular notice, but here we do not so much quarrel with Professor Hughes as comment on his subject. His book is written, he says, for the "student of the *arts* of the theatre." What does this mean? Among other things it would include dancing (which a latter day is obliged to call "aesthetic" to distinguish it from jazz) and the ballet, music (to some degree; certainly

opera), acting in all its branches, elocution, pantomime, architecture (so far at least as concerns interiors and stage construction), lighting and seating arrangements—all these, and more, in their manifold styles, changes, and developments, together with the cross influences from one country to another. It would include historical accounts of separate theatres with their dramatic, histrionic, mechanical, and financial failures and successes; together with the history and principles of management, repertory and star system, new plays and revivals, adaptation of play and rôle to caste, and so on and so on; and secondarily, also, biographical notes of both managers and actors. Nor can it be denied that drama (from vaudeville up) and dramatic literature are among the arts of the theatre. The play, it has been said, is the thing; and while in view of the decorations and the personal attractions of the stage this may be seriously disputed, still one may leave out the King from *Hamlet*, but hardly the Prince. And when all these arts of the theatre have been duly considered, there remains the audience. The theatre is a human institution. The whole philosophy of entertainment is involved. Its story cannot safely neglect the social implications, to say nothing of the moral or even the political. We have, then, altogether a vast composite of literary and social history to interweave with the history of the playhouse and its people on and off the stage. A recital of this story covering more than two thousand years and nearly the whole of the known world is truly a huge undertaking. To say that Professor Hughes has fallen short of completeness is to say the obvious. But it is worth while to consider the magnitude of the problem, even to wonder whether it might properly be ventured upon, especially single-handed, and to reflect, while pondering on its ramifications and components, on the importance of the subject.

To all this Garrick's little *Diary* is as a footnote. There seems to be a revival of interest under way in eighteenth-century drama, perhaps in the train of recent interest in the Restoration drama. Garrick, too, is coming back; his manuscript notebooks *et cetera* have lately brought good prices, and he is about to be canonized (I am told) by a doctoral dissertation in one of our universities. The Diary of his Paris journey of 1751, now first printed (and very handsomely) consists of thirty-four manuscript pages recording Garrick's activities from May 19 to June 20—which, slight as it may seem, is voluminous compared with the seventeen-page Journal of his European tour of September 15, 1763 to April 27, 1765. It is really less "memorable" than mysterious; for the earlier biographers' unfamiliarity with it has given rise to several small errors. On the whole the Diary represents an Englishman's experience

in Paris: the people were disagreeable and the sights inferior; particularly, the plays and acting were deplorable and the opera, which Garrick patronized three times, was very "raw", gave him a headache, and nearly put him to sleep. But there are a few high lights: some of the buildings pleased him (for example, Notre Dame and the Invalides); he liked the hotel gardens, and to some extent the acting of Clairon. He "saw two *very pretty french women* unpainted, wch was a greater curiosity than any I have yet seen at Paris." He had a glimpse of Mme. Pompadour and of Marivaux. Perhaps most interesting of all, revealing the true traveller in Paris, is the following note: "NB The women in general tho very ugly & most disagreeably painted are in general very easy, well shap'd & genteel—they tread much better than our Ladies & thier legs (from their shape and neatness) are more worth seeing than anything else about them—" This surely requires a note of explanation from the editor. Instead we have facts à la Baedeker on buildings and bits of encyclopedic information on plays and people. Judging by the four pages of facsimile, there are some small errors of transcription. Altogether, however, the Diary and the commentary are of genuine interest as fragments;—like the journey itself, which was rather disappointing to Garrick at the time but became enjoyable in the retrospect.

P. F. BAUM.

KEAT'S SHAKESPEARE: a Descriptive Study Based on New Material. By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. Oxford University Press, 1928, pp. viii, 178; 20 plates.

While visiting in America Miss Spurgeon learned, in casual conversation, of a copy of Shakespeare that had "marks in it by Keats." She conveys to us the enthusiasm with which she picked up this trail that led her directly to the library of Mr. George Armour in Princeton, where she found the Shakespeare that Keats had owned and studied and had presented to Joseph Severn, the names of donor and recipient in Keats's unmistakable hand at once attesting the genuineness of the find. Delighted as the discoverer must have been, and important as the discovery remains, one wonders if Miss Spurgeon was not finally disappointed. To a lover of Keats it was a glorious experience merely to handle the volumes that the poet had read with wild, almost delirious, interest in those months of 1817 when he grew into such intimate and rapt study of the dramatist as to fancy himself presided over by the genius of Shakespeare. There were the visible marks of Keat's study and delight in the worn and soiled pages and in the extensive marginal scorings and underlinings.

But there must have been, too, when excitement quieted, an accession of disappointment. At any rate, readers of this book come to it with the natural hope that Keats's comments will be found on the pages. But in all the seven volumes, it appears, there is but one comment directly on the poetry of Shakespeare—though an interesting one—that on Antony's characterization of the "wrangling queen". It is indeed surprising that Keats should have marked margins and underscored so liberally, and yet had no impulse to record his appreciation or purposely restrained himself from comment. It may be a mark of grace, of fine reticence—a reticence not belonging to his letters—that he refrained from expressing his feeling; a mark of the poet, too—for if the poetic assimilation of his reading had been less than his critical appraisement there might have been well filled margins, and the critic would have been less the Keats that was. But the poet did supply comment, though not on Shakespeare's lines. Dr. Johnson's notes, typically judicial and complacent, that had been inserted in this edition by the publisher, excited the young romanticist to indignant and humorous comment, rather immature in tone.

But if the re-discovered Keats's *Shakespeare* reveals less than might have been hoped for, the fact remains that Miss Spurgeon has produced a valuable book. She has joined to her study of the Armour copy a study of the 1808 reprint of the *First Folio* and the *Poems of Shakespeare*, both of the well known Dilke collection at Hamstead. The sixteen plates that show most interesting pages of the Armour copy, with the four plates from the Dilke volumes, would alone justify the book. There is, too, an engagingly interesting frontispiece, the reproduction of a sketch in water-color of Keats by Severn, not hitherto published, it appears. While this water-color is not entirely authenticated by historical record, it is most probably genuine.

The author has made the most of a scholar's opportunity. She has given a general interpretation, of necessity conjectural, of the significance of Keats's marking of these volumes; has shown the plays most read by the poet; has reproduced the marked passages in these most read plays—*The Tempest*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* in the Armour volumes, and *Troilus and Cressida* in the folio copy; has printed what she regards as parallel passages from *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the one hand and *Endymion* on the other; and has given an illuminating interpretation of the markings of *Troilus and Cressida* in holding that Keats identified himself with Troilus. The printing of parallels between marked lines of *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

and the *Endymion* makes one of the valuable chapters in the book. Here one may again be disappointed—but most happily so. I do not discover a single instance of certain conscious borrowing, though there are verbal echoes unquestionably. This negative disclosure has great interest. Intimately as Keats dwelt with Shakespeare, he was too true a poet, even at the stage when he wrote *Endymion*, to be a borrower. His independence, when one considers his adoration of Shakespeare, is another manifestation of his high genius.

DAVID H. BISHOP.

University of Mississippi.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1859. By Albert J. Beveridge. Boston and New York: Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1928. Two volumes. xxvii, 607, 741 pp.

The legion of Lincoln biographies never halts or recedes. To add to the list a new volume that is outstanding in character is a distinct achievement, and this is done in Senator Beveridge's posthumous work. Its value may be summarized by the one word, *realistic*, used in its most literal sense. While some biographers have idealized Lincoln the man, and others, notably Sandburg, have found an emotional value in the prairie soil of the Northwest, Beveridge has confined his investigation and writing to actual facts, the facts in Lincoln's personal life and his career in Illinois politics to the debates with Douglas. No author has given a more thorough or detailed account of these matters. Of particular value are the chapters treating of Lincoln's immature years and the Illinois politics with Lincoln's place therein. Throughout a factual contribution, the two volumes are valuable for the wealth of well documented information.

Concerning the personality of Lincoln, much is written and much also is inferred. Apparently there is nothing promising in his antecedents and environment or even his career down through 1858. One who drifted apparently aimlessly, amid a drab background—such is the impression left on the reader. Not even the debates with Douglas are lifted above the plane of the ordinary. This is indeed a new kind of biography.

Whether the author, if he had lived, would have lifted Lincoln upon a pedestal of fame in later volumes—and the process by which that end would have been achieved—is a question which must inevitably arise in every reader's mind. This also suggests a contrast between the present volumes and Mr. Beveridge's "John Marshall". Both are true to fact. Each is well documented. But the idealization of the man, his identification with a great cause, so notable in the Marshall, is

totally lacking in the Lincoln. For this reason there is a distinct difference in the style of the two works. The dramatic appeal, so noticeable in the Marshall, is lacking in these volumes; on every page literary values are subordinated to actual presentation. Annals of the very best type rather than literary workmanship or interpretation is the result; annals, too, that must have an indispensable place on all shelves of Lincoliniana.

W. K. B.

MEET GENERAL GRANT. By W. E. Woodward. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. 512 pp.

To the epic of the American Civil War there attaches a perennial glamour; its leaders are enveloped in a nimbus of glory and smoke, and few of them ever emerge to reality. It is the fate of military heroes that they are doomed to canter down the long corridors of history always in their uniforms, and we never remember Lee but in immaculate grey, astride his famous charger, Traveller, or Sherman but at the head of a swashbuckling army, or Stonewall Jackson but praying to the god of battles; yet all of these men were college teachers. There is some peculiar quality about war, some extraordinary fortuity, which selects or rejects according to its own grim, irrational standards, and confers upon its favourites an often undeserved and embarrassing immortality. No other profession is so ruthless in its demands, and none rewards so lavishly.

U. S. Grant,—his real name was Hiram Ulysses, but fortuity which governed most of his life changed that, too—remains one of the enigmas of history, and of the American Civil War. He was a failure at everything except commanding an army, and he was successful at that largely through stubbornness and luck. History and hero-worship have veiled in kindly obscurity a large part of Grant's career, and, for the rest, the glamour of "Appomattox and its famous apple tree" has been sufficient to condone even the tragic blunderings of his Presidency.

From his earliest youth Grant seemed destined to ill-fortune, hounded by bad luck. A misfit in his home town, and a misfit at West Point, he remained a misfit throughout most of his rather unhappy life—in the Mexican War, in the family of the slave-holding Dents, in the Civil War itself, which he never understood or liked, above all in the White House, and in his unfortunate fling at Wall Street. There stands to his credit Fort Donalson and Vicksburg, the Wilderness and Appomattox, and, curiously enough, a great literary monument—the *Memoirs*. Almost everything else he muffed. Yet a grateful nation rewarded him with two terms in the White House and a permanent niche in the Hall of Fame,

where he reposes, a little ill at ease among so many philosophers and men of letters and successful politicians whom kindly death made statesmen.

Mr. W. E. Woodward, author of several novels and of an earlier biography of George Washington, has given us an authentic and vivid portrait of Grant in *Meet General Grant*. It is, taken all in all, an extraordinary achievement. Historians may—and should—challenge scores of unwarranted and unsupported generalizations about American history; psychologists will scrutinize some of the unfortunate psychoanalysis with disfavor; and literary critics can pick flaws in a style that cannot be described as other than journalistic. But, incomplete as it is, Mr. Woodward's biography is by far the most authentic, the most honest, portrait of Grant that we have. It is done with profound understanding of the man's character, if not always of the era in which he so haltingly moved, and often with brilliance. It reveals Grant in all of his mediocrity, in all of his humanness, and homeliness, a puppet governed by the string of fate.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER.

New York University.

AARON BURR. By Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. 2 vols. 324, 351 pp.

Recent years have witnessed the development among American writers of what might almost be called a mania for placing the famous and the notorious characters of history in new frames. The famous at times have had some of the halo removed; almost as often the notorious have been restored to respectability or semi-respectability. Jesse James rises and falls under a new light. The dramatic ability and the admirable traits of Wilkes Booth are balanced against his assassination of Lincoln. Aaron Burr is largely restored at the expense of Jefferson and Hamilton. Perhaps we shall soon have a new and more truthful account of Benedict Arnold! Why should a whole life be smirched and almost obliterated by one or even a half dozen lapses from the straight and narrow path? "There is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us. . . ."

Such appears to be the new credo. Three able men have coöperated in the task of trying to set forth the "real" Aaron Burr. Mr. Wandell, a distinguished member of the New York bar, has spent years collecting the materials. Mr. Minnigerode has contributed his literary genius. Walter F. McCaleb, who has previously published a significant book on Burr's conspiracy, has written a brief introduction setting forth the main thesis of the work. And here is the thesis:

In 1800 . . . Burr's political troubles began in earnest. Then it was he came to issues with Jefferson, when, quite unexpectedly, the two were tied in the Electoral College for the office of President of the United States. Had Burr been a trickster he might easily have been chosen Chief Executive; but he was playing the game squarely. However, he did not save himself from the jealous, suspicious Jefferson, who at once saw that he had to reckon with a leader of men, and from that day forward Burr was marked for destruction. No measure or opportunity was to be overlooked, and so to the end Burr was trailed by a pack of hounds yelping lies and digging up bones the gossips had buried, rotten bones of defamation and treachery.

Jefferson, with all his genius, had in his makeup a cankerous taint which was vented in his double-crossing and persecution of Burr. Sad and depressing spectacle. The duel with Hamilton was indirectly the outcome of the President's hostility, for Burr realized that he could maintain himself in the party only through the backing of the great State of New York—and to keep that backing meant that Hamilton must cease his lying attacks. . . . It took a pistol shot, and the story of that encounter has been written all over our history. Possibly no single event has been so exaggerated, and certainly the dwarfed figure of Hamilton until the canvas has cracked and torn. . . .

The climax of Jefferson's persecution was reached in the trial of Burr for treason, one of the most deliberate, cold-blooded persecutions that history records. The President left nothing undone to convict Burr. He pardoned some of the accused; he bribed Eaton, a plain liar, with public funds; and saved Wilkinson, a dastardly wretch, from public condemnation—all to no avail. The results of that trial might be offered as a biting corollary to the Bill of Rights, which Jefferson himself is credited with writing—a choice bit of irony out of the ages. ("Introduction," pp. xv-xvii).

Did not Burr deliberately murder Hamilton who had fired his pistol in the air during the fatal duel of 1804? The evidence that Hamilton fired wild and not at Burr is far from conclusive, and this was not Hamilton's first duel. Was not Burr a traitor who planned to disrupt the Union in 1805-1806? There is not one item of reliable evidence to prove this. Was he not a filibuster planning to attack the possessions of Spain, with whom the United States was at peace? It is extremely doubtful. The evidence appears to indicate that his plan to attack the Floridas and northern Mexico was contingent upon the outbreak of war between the United States and Spain, and the relations of these two powers were very strained at this period. "At no time does the Colonel . . . seem to have openly advocated an invasion of Mexico without a preliminary state of war between the two countries." (Vol. I, p. 72). Years later, when news of the successful revolt of the Anglo-Americans in Texas reached New York, Burr remarked: "I was right! I was only thirty years too soon! What was treason thirty years ago, is patriotism now!" His biographers think that these pathetic words of a wretched old man may deserve respectful attention. (*Ibid.*). Did

Burr not attempt in 1810 to hatch a conspiracy with certain French diplomats which would have meant the detachment of Louisiana from the United States? The evidence seems pretty conclusive—but *then* he was in desperate circumstances and probably temporarily insane!

Burr lived more than thirty years too long. Had he died in the summer of 1801 his place in history would have been different. Then it could have been written of him that he was a brilliant student, an able and daring soldier, a good lawyer, a great political organizer, a good husband, and an excellent father. For his tragic lapse of 1804-1807 the world would never forgive him, and the lapse itself was largely manufactured by the slanderous tongues of political enemies. He spent almost half of his long life as an exile or an outcast.

Even in the matter of his sexual irregularities the authors have something to say in Burr's behalf. His *amours* were numerous but they have been exaggerated. "Tested by modern canons of morals—admitting the worst—he stands as clean as most men. . . . The time will come when we shall admit that there are forces at work in both men and women quite beyond the control of finite wills. It is high time we threw open the shutters a bit. How dark our house is—and how congested the galleries filled with faces that look like saints, which a little shifting of lights would prove to be devils. . . . So much depends on light and shadow!" ("Introduction," p. xix). "Let him who is without guilt cast the first stone." Tolerance is indeed a valuable trait, but there must be *some* moral standards. The tolerant Man of Galilee did not advise the abandonment of all rules of morality.

This is not to say, however, that the authors have not produced a valuable work. If their view of Burr appears too favorable, it should be remembered that altogether too much has been written on the other side. Read with due caution, it cannot fail to bring a better appreciation of the man and his times, and there is not an uninteresting page in the entire two volumes.

J FRED RIPPY.

THE RAIN-MAKERS: INDIANS OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1929. xxxi, 480 pp.

The bulk of recent literature on the American Indian has fallen naturally into two classes—that of the amateur and that of the scientist. Immediately one tries to place this work. Is it an archaeological reconstruction of the story of the Southwestern Indian and his customs? Is it an impression of prevailing Pueblo customs? It is neither. In newspaper terminology it might be called a "feature" article of a rather elaborate nature. Miss Roberts delivers herself of everything

scientific with a mere digest for which she usually apologizes, supposedly as a prelude to observations on contemporary conditions. The inevitable result is hack-writing, which falls short of its justification when the rehearsals do not reach in felicity the phraseology of the authorities summarized. One wishes to see more of the arresting passages of Edgar Lee Hewett on the Indian as element in nature, more of the epic-like paragraphs of Charles F. Lummis on the Apache as a warrior, and of the bold and striking speculations of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka on the origin of the Indians. It is unique that a disproportionately large number of women have carried their interest in the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico to the point of print, and it may be said either to their praise or disparagement that their work has been almost uniformly dilettante. This book, however, is more ambitious than Mrs. W. T. Sedgwick's *Acoma, the Sky City*.

The title, *The Rain-Makers*, is baffling, but not misleading. The close relation between the Indian and the landscape, between the rainfall and the native's livelihood, and between his artistic concepts and natural objects, has made of him a conjurer of nature. The range such a comprehensive title affords is apparently what Miss Roberts sought. The book includes brief histories of the Pueblos, their social life, arts and industries, ceremonies and songs, mythologies and belief, in addition to similar discussions of the Apaches, Navajos, and the lower desert and river tribes. At times these summaries take on the appearance of a handbook for the layman, for occasionally pretensions could not be made that they are racy reading even for him. The "Ceremonial Calendar" brings together the views of a number of authorities probably not elsewhere combined. The observations concerning the utter absence of any connection between these primitive religions and morality, the decay of Indian art through the introduction of the white man's standards, and the chapters on basketry, pottery, myths and folktales reveal a keen analytical power.

It ought to be remarked that the author's first-hand knowledge is an asset in this undertaking. She sees what few Americans see: how the Indians see us. Much valuable, but some duplicate, material on Indian legend obtained by Dane Coolidge is also transmitted to the public. Aside from these facts, however, originality is not the keynote of the volume, which should be recommended as a useful, well-printed and illustrated work to any person seeking brief information on almost any topic concerning Indians, especially those of New Mexico and Arizona, for the author does not set out to maintain a thesis. For those wishing to delve deeper there is a good selected bibliography.

JOHN TATE LANNING.

Duke University.

GENGHIS KHAN, THE EMPEROR OF ALL MEN. By Harold Lamb. New York: McBride, 1928. 270 pp.

TAMERLANE, THE EARTH SHAKER. By Harold Lamb. New York: McBride, 1928. 340 pp.

The scholars of the West are widening their horizon. They are beginning to investigate in a spirit of tolerance the men and the culture traits of the East. One has here the vivid portraits of two great Mongolian leaders and warriors. They both came out of the hill country to the southwest of Siberia and established vast empires by virtue of the prowess of their nomad-soldiers. They were men of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. When they passed from the stage, their successors were unable to hold together the empires which they inherited. Yet Genghis Kahn's empire of the thirteenth century and Tamerlane's empire of the fourteenth and fifteenth lasted long enough to cause great excitement in provincial Europe. The Turks and the Mongolian horsemen did much to jar the people of this latter region out of their medievalism. Authoritarianism and other-worldliness soon gave place to interest in this world and to the scientific attitude. The darkness of the Middle Age was soon dissipated by the new light of the Renaissance. Some of the Mongolians remained in Russia, so that Napoleon could say at the dawn of the nineteenth century, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." Most of the Mongolian nomads returned, however, to their native steppes. China, which had for a period been stirred by their invasions, returned to its Oriental slumber; but the West was never the same again.

From the viewpoint of the New World, the main interest in the achievements of Genghis Kahn and Tamerlane lies in their contribution to the Age of Discovery. Without the work of these Asiatic Mongolians the Americas might have remained for further centuries in the undisturbed possession of those other Mongoloid barbarians which later became known as "Indians"; for the European scientific attitude and habits of travel which resulted from the invasions of Genghis Kahn and Tamerlane led naturally to the discoveries along the coast of Africa and the finding of the New World. There is no more interesting study than that of the travelers of late medieval times who penetrated the empires of Genghis Kahn and Tamerlane in order to visit China (Cathay) and Cipangu (Japan) in search of new knowledge and new luxuries.

From this viewpoint, the present reviewer could wish that Mr. Lamb had placed more stress upon the contacts of the West with the East. The author's reply, however, might well be that he was interested primarily in biography, in the portrayal of the character and methods

of these great leaders of men. This narrower task he has accomplished well. He has combined a vivid style with a sound historical approach.

J. FRED RIPPY.

COUNTY GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION IN NORTH CAROLINA. By Paul Woodford Wager. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1928. 447 pp.

PUBLIC POOR RELIEF IN NORTH CAROLINA. By Roy M. Brown. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1928. 184 pp.

The lack of authoritative and readable books upon local government has long been apparent to the student in that field; and this is particularly true with respect to the local government of the southern states. Therefore the appearance of these two books is not only timely but it should give a forward impetus to research in the field of local government. The State of North Carolina has become a pioneer among the states of the South in the reorganization and reform of county government and it therefore offers an excellent field for study.

Professor Wager has written a very useful book which represents a comprehensive and systematic study of county government in North Carolina. The purpose of the work is not only to give an historical account of the development of county government, but to describe the present day county government in this state. It sets forth "faithfully and frankly the prevailing practices in North Carolina county government whether these practices are good or bad." The book is especially noteworthy because of the excellent account of the administrative methods used by the different counties in the execution of their functions; as the assessment and collection of taxes; the building and financing of the highway system of the state and the position of the counties in the state highway system; the administration of public health and public welfare; the development of public schools and the nature of public school finance; and the administration of justice by the county. In many of these fields, as in the collection of taxes, North Carolina is deficient, like many other states. In the building of highways, however, North Carolina has become a pioneer and the reader is forced to agree with Professor Wager when he says that "Good roads in North Carolina are therefore more than an evidence of progress; they have been a means of progress. They are breaking down the provincialism of the rural population; they are giving the people a wider range of interest, a larger market, a broader outlook: they are knitting all sections of the state into a united commonwealth." No less a complete study is made of the other departments of local administration and the duties of the local officers and their fields of operation are admirably shown.

In recent years North Carolina has become interested in the reform of county government and the state legislature has passed some important local legislation that affects, not only the form of county government, but sets down certain rules for the control of county funds. The county manager form of government has been made optional and already several counties have availed themselves of the opportunity to use the county manager system. However Professor Wager thinks that a new Fiscal Control Act, which makes provision for a county accountant, a required budget, and which attempts to prevent deficits, is the most commendable legislation that the state legislature has passed in recent years. Coupled with this act is the County Finance Act which places limits upon the debt-making power of the counties. These acts assure sound fiscal control and sound fiscal control is an indispensable element of local government.

This volume, then, is of great value to the student of local government and it should pave the way for similar studies to be made in the field of local government. For, as Professor Wager states, "The county is the channel through which much of the subsequent progress of the state will be wrought, and the degree of efficiency which prevails in the county administration will very largely measure the rate of progress."

Public Poor Relief in North Carolina is a brief analysis of the development of poor relief in the state from colonial times to the present day. It is a volume in the Social Study Series of the University of North Carolina. Starting with an account of the English background of public poor relief, the author traces its development through the colonial period. From 1776 until after the close of the Civil War poor relief was given under the supervision of the Wardens of the Poor and since that time it has been administered by the county commissioners acting, usually, through a Superintendent of Public Welfare.

The most interesting part of the book is that which deals with the present condition of poor relief in North Carolina. The description of the county homes which "includes every type and condition of building from wretched shacks and log cabins to creditable and even elaborate and expensive plants" is very graphic and some of the pictures of inmates, which are included in the volume, are therefore unnecessary. In these days of prosperity and progress, it is hard to realize the conditions under which certain people are forced to live. Outdoor poor relief, which is preventive in nature, has suffered from the lack of proper supervision, and the author states that a great majority of the counties have witnessed no material change in the policy or technique of outdoor relief.

It is thus easy to see that there is a need for change in the administration of poor relief and the reader wishes that the author had devoted more than twelve pages to the possible solutions of the problem. However the preface gives hope of similar volumes on other aspects of the subject and it is hoped that the influence of this and subsequent volumes will be felt in the future development of poor relief.

ROBERT STANLEY RANKIN.

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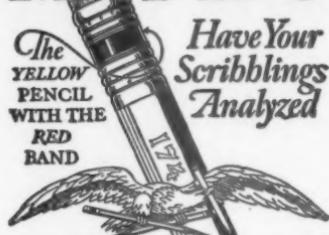
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